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1902

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THE
1902
NORTHER

VOL. III.

*PUBLISHED BY THE
NORTHER BOARD OF
THE SENIOR CLASS OF THE
NORTHERN ILLINOIS STATE
NORMAL SCHOOL
DE KALB, ILL.*



To the
Faculty
this book is
dedicated with
sincere affection
and hearty good
will by the
Class of 1902



THE
NORTHER BOARD

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Annie's
Woods

Have you been to Annie's Woods
In the spring, in the spring?
Where the turf is soft and green,
And the sun glints through the screen
Of the trees?
And the violets hidden low
Blossom sweet,—Oh don't you know
'Tis the fairest place to go
In the spring?

Have you been to Annie's Woods
In the spring, in the spring?
Where the birds sing clear and sweet,
And the river at your feet
Ripples on?
And that little maid,—Ah me!—
Never mind—but don't you see
'Tis the nicest thing could be
In the spring?

—*Etta Grunewald.*

The School Year

1901-1902



FALL TERM

Monday, September 23 Enrollment and Assignment of Work.
Tuesday, September 24 Regular Recitations begin at 8:30 a. m.
Thursday, December 19 Term Closes at Noon.

WINTER TERM

Monday, December 30 Enrollment and Assignment of Work.
Tuesday, December 31 Regular Recitations begin at 8:30 a. m.
Thursday, March 20 Term Closes at Noon.

SPRING TERM

Monday, March 31 Enrollment and Assignment of Work.
Tuesday, April 1 Regular Recitations begin at 8:30 a. m.
Wednesday, June 18 Term Closes at Noon.
Thursday, June 19 Annual Commencement, 9:30 a. m.

SUMMER TERM

Monday, June 23 Term of Five Weeks Opens at 8:45 a. m.

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HON. ADAMS A. GOODRICH



DR. JOHN W COOK

John W. Cook



PRESIDENT JOHN WILLISTON COOK was born in Oneida county, New York, April 20, 1844. When he was but seven years of age his parents removed to McLean county, Illinois, and located at what is called Oneida Crossing, about nine miles northeast of Normal. In the spring of '53 the family moved to the little village of Kappa. Here the remaining years of his boyhood and youth were spent, much as were those of other boys of the village—attending school during the winter, working on a farm, assisting his father (who was the agent of the railway company), or clerking in a store in the summer. In 1862 Mr. Cook entered the Illinois State Normal University, at Normal, as a student. After graduating, in 1865, he was employed for one year as principal of schools at Brimfield, Peoria county, Illinois. He was called the next year to the principalship of the village grammar school, which had just been established in Normal and which was under the supervision of the Normal faculty and was taught chiefly by Normal students. This position he held until 1868, when he was appointed to supply the place of Dr. Hewett for one year, in the chair of History and Geography in the Normal School. On Dr. Hewett's return to his work in the fall of '69 Prof. Cook was placed in charge of the work in Reading, which he conducted until his appointment to the chair of Mathematics and Physics in 1876. This position he held until his promotion, in 1890, to the presidency of the institution. For nine years he served as chief executive of that grand old school, leaving it only at the urgent solicitation of the promoters of the new enterprise, which resulted in the opening, in the fall of 1899, of the Northern Illinois State Normal School, with Dr. Cook as its president, which position he now fills.

A glance at this brief summary will reveal the striking way in which circumstances have combined to develop and round out a character which seemed destined to take a high position in the educational world. Dr. Cook has penetrated the mysteries of the log school-house and the village school; he has served his term as teacher of the village school; he has devoted special attention, at various times, to almost every branch of study included in the public school course; he has threaded the mazes of the executive part of the educational problem, and has grasped with a never-wavering hand the reins of control. And not only this, Dr. Cook has figured actively in the business world, as a farmer, as an editor, and in various capacities. It is not surprising that his sympathy is far-reaching and his eye keen to detect the needs and observe the interests of people of whatever station or occupation. His efforts are by no means confined to the schoolroom, but extend to business and professional interests, keeping him constantly in touch

with other lines of thought and of action. He is, perhaps, as widely and as favorably known through his lectures as through any other line of his work.

Dr. Cook is, first of all, an untiring worker. He longs to be in the thick of the battle. Three years ago he was called upon to decide between the old field and the new. The pressure brought to bear by the authorities and other friends at Normal was heavy; the ties of a lifetime bound him to the people and the scenes there; but still he said, "I must be where there is the most work," and since the new institution at De Kalb seemed to him to offer a field of greater labor he made the decision which placed him at the head of the Northern Illinois State Normal School. And truly, this prophecy has been fulfilled. The organizing of a new institution has proved no small task. The new wheels must be watched at every turn, while the old ones know better how to move. But the new school opened most auspiciously. The three years of its life have been years of continuous, steady growth in power and efficiency, as well as in members. The unifying power of the president and his rare executive ability are in constant evidence. His patience with details makes his influence pervade every line of the school's activity, bringing him also into close personal relations with each student. It would be difficult to say which are enjoyed more—the hours spent with him in the class-room or those spent with himself and Mrs. Cook in their most homelike home.

The Fates have been kind to the Northern Illinois State Normal School, but there have been periods of no little solicitude. The days of anxious watching for reports from President Cook's sick chamber, the weeks of waiting for his decision concerning certain tempting and flattering offers from another educational institution—these have cast their shadow; but the shadow has passed, and a loyal, happy school is united in wishing for Dr. Cook long years of continued activity, and may they all be spent within the walls of the N. I. S. N. S.



1866



1880

1865
1873
JOHN W. COOK.

School Yell



Northern Normal !

Rah, Rah ! Rah, Rah !

Northern Normal !

Rah, Rah ! Rah, Rah !

Hoorah ! Hoorah !

Northern Normal !

Rah, Rah ! Rah, Rah !



faculty



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Director of Practice Department

*CHARLES ALEXANDER MC MURRY, PH. D.
Director of Practice School.

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SWEN FRANKLIN PARSON
Professor of Mathematics

*One year leave of absence.



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Sixth Grades

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SUE DOROTHY HOAGLIN
Professor of Reading and Elocution

*One year leave of absence.



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ANNA PARMELEE
Assistant in Mathematics

INEZ D. RICE, A. B.
Assistant in Geography and History

IDA S. SIMONSON, B. L.
Teacher of Literature



faculty



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Teacher of Music

JESSIE FOSTER
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NELLIE LOVINA COOK

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Supervising Teacher Grades 2 and 3

EDITH S. PATTEN
Principal and Supervising Teacher Grades 7 and 8

*FLORENCE J. CLARK
Principal and Supervising Teacher,
Grades 1 and 2

NELLIE B. JONES
Supervising Teacher Grades 6 and 7

JESSIE M. KETCHAM
Supervising Teacher Grades 3, 4 and 5

BELLE W. HOBBS
Supervising Teacher Grade 1
(Unable to procure picture)

*Resigned March 21, to become Supervising Teacher in Rochester (N. Y.) Public Schools.



Critic Teachers



MARTHA WAITE

Drawing

MARY PATTEN

Principal and Supervising Teacher Grades 1 and 2

MARGARET DUFFEY

Principal and Supervising Teacher
Grades 1 and 2

HERBERT F. CLARK

Supervising Teacher Grades 3, 4, 5 and 6

WALTER J. HAMMILL

Supervising Principal

FRANCES JENKINS

Supervising Teacher Grades 3, 4 and 5

(Unable to procure picture)



LYMAN POWELL
Engineer



GEORGE SHOOP
Head Janitor



JAMES MC CANN
Assistant Janitor



ROY CAMP
Night Engineer



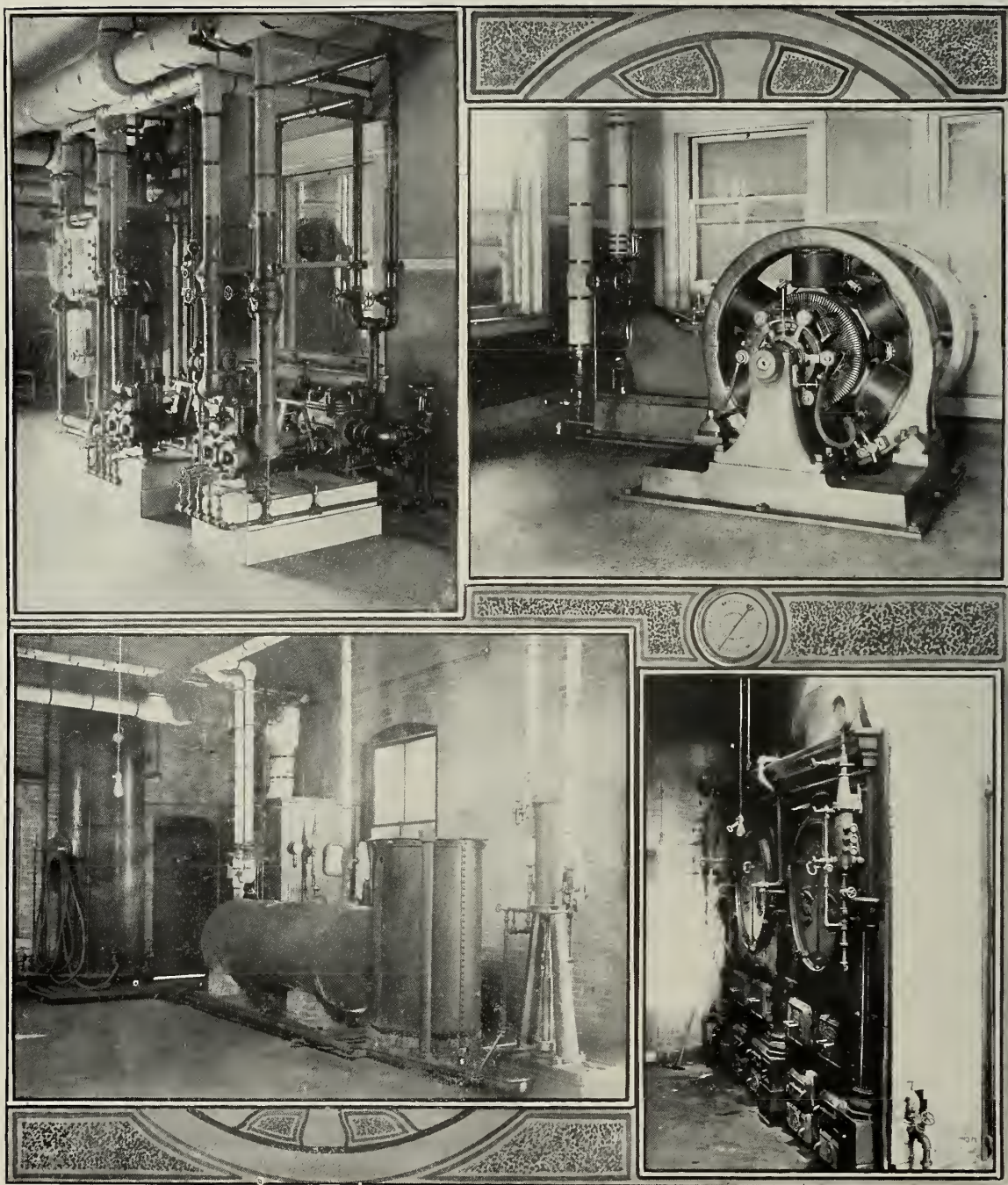
FRED REED
Assistant Janitor



JOHN SWAIN
Fireman

A Chat with the Engineer

ONE day I managed to get lost in the northern confines of the Normal building, and I thought surely I had wandered into the engine room of some well-ordered factory, so bewildered was I by all the machinery. Yet I had never seen so neat and clean a room with machinery in it—I could almost see my reflection in the mosaic floor. As I stood there rubbering (excuse me, I'm only a freshman) a nice-looking man came in and remarked, "Lost, Freshman?" I don't see why they call us *fresh men*, neither word is appropriate. "What's that?" I asked, ignoring his question. "That's the dynamo; it's direct-coupled, you see." "Yes, certainly; I thought it was. Does it make the engine go?" "Not exactly," he said, with a smile he thought I didn't see; "the engine makes the dynamo go." "Oh, yes. Why does it make the dynamo go?" "The dynamo makes electricity to run the fans and the electric lights all over the building." "Oh! does it? I tried to count the lights in the auditorium at society last week while Davie Mad was spouting, but I fell asleep. How many are there?" "Five hundred in the auditorium, and three hundred other sixteen-candle power lamps in the rest of the building; but in the gymnasium there are four six-hundred candle power arc lamps." "Yes; isn't it fine in the gym? You can see everything. Why, I visited a normal school once where the gymnasium was lighted by bottled moonlight; you had to keep your hands out in front of you when you walked to keep from bumping into the posts. And I counted the lights in their auditorium—there were just thirty of them. They said they were thirty-two-candle power, but I thought they didn't look very bright. What are the fans you spoke about? I haven't seen any electric fans anywhere, and I've been here a whole term." "Oh, they are down in the fan pits; they are operated by electric motors, and they supply fresh air to all the rooms. The system is a very fine one, for by it each room gets its due share of ventilation, regardless of the direction of the wind. This is the only system that can do this, and since the air is carried into the fans through a set of steam-heating coils and discharged through another set which may be used in part or as a whole, the air can be tempered to any desired degree of temperature. The system is all right, but some of the air ducts are too small for the requirements, and on this account the fans ought to have a greater speed." "How interesting! I wish they'd fix them, for some of the recitation rooms do get pretty stuffy. What are those jerky little engines for?" "Those are the steam pumps. One of them supplies the boilers with water and the other pumps the water needed throughout the building. The deep-well pump is out in the boiler room; that raises the water to an open tank, and these take it from there and deliver it under the necessary pressure." "Are those big things out there the boilers?" "Yes, they are eighty-five-horsepower boilers, and they have the smoke-burning furnaces. They supply the steam for the engine and pumps, besides, they furnish steam for all the radiators." "I always thought steam radiators made such a noise; why don't ours?" "Because they are fitted with thermostatic valves which permit the condensed steam to be pumped back to the boilers but not the steam itself. The valves are automatic, and as the system works under vacuum conditions and no water can remain in the radiators, they are always noiseless." "Oh, dear, do you suppose I can understand all that when I've had Physics? There's the bell, and I must go. I've had a lovely time, and have learned a whole lot, and I'll try to remember it. How do I get back to the auditorium?"



IN THE ENGINE ROOM



" THE TOWN SCHOOLS "



New Student's Progress from the Slough of Ignorance to the Land of Glory, Delivered under the Similitude of a Dream



AS I walked through the wilderness of this world I lighted on a certain place where were many Barbs; and I laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and behold, I saw a man standing in a certain place, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back. And he did open the book and read therein. And as he read his gaze became more and more fixed, and his head bent lower, as though he would fain devour it within himself. I drew near and looked and saw these words: Northern Illinois State Normal School, 1899. I saw, too, that, as he read, he began to wring his hands piteously and to look about him until at last he cried out lamentably, "Will no one help me?"

Just then he saw coming toward him a man called the Great Cook, who asked, "Wherefore do you cry out so sorrowfully?"

And he answered, "It is written in my Book here that there are shining rolls to be given to those possessed of such burdens as I have who can rid themselves of them, and these shining rolls will admit them into kingdoms of everlasting fame and glory."

Then said the Great Cook, "For many years now have I helped men rid themselves of just such burdens as yours. But my time to help you has not yet come. Go ye, therefore, to yon large structure, which you see newly built upon a hill and there you will be told how to acquire that which you seek."

Now I saw in my dream that, as New-Student, for that was his name, proceeded upon his way, he met a companion called Fellow-Student, to whom he did reveal the wonderful things spoken of in his Book, and whom he did persuade to accompany him.

They therefore proceeded upon their journey and presently came to a foul-looking stream called the Kishwaukee, and by reason of each having his eyes fastened upon the shining edifice beyond, they did fall into the foul thing. Now Fellow-Student struggled valiantly and at last reached the bank, but New-Student, by reason of the great burden upon his back, sank lower and lower and lower, and must surely have been overcome, but that a resident named Switzer gave him a friendly hand and helped him out. New-Student then wanted the stream obliterated for sake of those who came after, but the resident said, "No,

yon shining edifice had its origin in this stream, and did we obliterate it, we should but destroy the history of its foundation."

New-Student walked along in a sad plight, for his burden was not only heavy, but possessed of a most foul odor, because of his recent adventure. Now I saw in my dream that at this moment the Great Cook came forth to meet him, and gently chiding him for falling into the stream told him to hurry on to where he would meet a man who would receive him. "But," he added cautiously, "cast aside all uncleanness before presenting yourself for admission; for this man has good will only for those who leave no tracks."

So in the process of time New-Student got to the door, and there came to meet him a man, a man of keen and care-worn look, towel in hand, who eyed him curiously and then said, "What bringest thou here?" Now, I saw in my dream that in the presence of this man, this man of keen and care-worn look, New-Student trembled more than when in the presence of the mighty Cook himself, so he meekly replied, "I have been directed here by the Great Cook that I may be relieved of this burden upon my back, and with your permission I shall enter."

"Then," said the other, "thou must bring nothing here from the outside," and with that he set before him five scrapers and seven rugs, and said, "Clean thyself." When this he had done he rubbed him over with the towel he carried and said, "Go thy way."

Now I saw that, as New-Student proceeded upon his way, he trebled, for the path before him was narrow, and upon either side of it were dark-visaged men with long-handled weapons in hand wherewith they crushed great stones; and he felt that with the weight of the burden upon him he, too, must fall down before them and be likewise crushed. But luckily he saw the door of a Parson open and quickly bent his steps to enter.

And as he entered therein the Parson looked up at him and asked, "What doest thou here, New-Student?" To this he replied, "I have been directed here by the Great Cook who did say that here I should find a man who would relieve me of this grievous burden."

To this the Parson replied, "The only help there is for men who come in here is to get out again." And with that he closed the door and calling to some fierce dogs that were slumbering near, he said, "Get thee upon him."

And there came to my ears a great roaring and barking and snarling and snapping, until it seemed to me that New-Student must surely be devoured. But as I drew near I saw that he dealt bravely with them, for already dead were two



most wicked ones called Stocks and Bonds, and Divisibility of Numbers, while he was then battling with a smaller, but more fierce foe called Theorems.

Now I saw in my dream that when New-Student made his escape he again began to cry out lamentably for someone to help rid him of his burden, and that the Great Cook came to him and said, "I will direct you now to one who is very wise and can surely help you, for he has a knowledge of everything that has happened since the world began, and can prophesy what will happen from now until the end of time." And he directed him to a place where sat a very grave-looking man, poring over a large book, which book I did see was filled with Dates and References. And as New-Student begged of this grave man to relieve him, he did place before him the mighty book, and pointing with a finger to either Page said, "Learn."

Now, for many days did New-Student battle with Dates and References, until he felt that his brain must be lined with them. At last the trial was ended, and his burden, though somewhat lighter, still bore down heavily upon him and he again began to cast about him for help, and called to one who was near, who said, "Do you see yon high hill?"

"Very well," said New-Student.

"Then," said the other, "thither you must go, for there dwells one by name of Keith, who has great skill to help men off with such burdens as thine, so much doth he know of the machinery of the mind."

So thither did New-Student go. But when I looked I saw that when he came to the gate he forgot for a moment the great load upon his back, at sight of the strange distortions of this man's face. And when New-Student asked him for help he made a great grimace and said, "I can not myself take from thy back thy burden, but will give to thee a key to a box called Mind which thou wilt find filled with helps to thee. Moreover, I will give to thee this cane called Will which thou mayest use when difficulties surround thee." And with that each went his way.

Then did New-Student grow more glad and he stood still awhile to think and to ponder, when lo, he beheld great multitudes pass by him and go in a certain direction. And he, too, turned his feet thither and went in the same direction until he came to a place where were large glass doors. And upon each of these he saw thereon the finger-prints of the multitudes who had entered. And as I looked I saw that New-Student, too, wishing to be immortalized, paused here and laid his finger-tips upon the glass and then passed on. And when he had passed beyond the portals of this place he found there his old friend, the Great Cook, dealing out words of wisdom. And there fell upon his ears these words: "Stand by. Hold your tongues," and divers other things. At this New-Student's heart grew sad, since he had strength only to hold the great burden upon his back. But notwithstanding this he thanked the Great Cook for his advice and passed out.

And as he passed out he felt his load grow lighter and he hastened upon his way to find someone who would relieve him of it altogether. But he had not traveled far when he began to listen and to search for strange cries which he heard. And as he listened he found that they came from a place called Music Room and were the voices of those who had entered there and must learn to sing är-r-r before they could get out. Now I saw in my dream that when New-Student entered, the doors closed behind him; but just as they swung upon their hinges he hung his head out the window, sung är-r-r, and made his escape.

I saw then that he grew weary and would fain lie down to rest. And as he looked ahead he saw before him a great field of Rice and gladly he made his way thither. And as he was hurrying along as best he could, for his burden was still heavy, he became caught in a net called Geometry which was made of many lines, and which bound him so fast that he was unable to move. In this sad plight he remained for many days until he bethought him of the cane called Will that had been given him; and with that he began to slash to the right and to the left of him and was soon free. Now, as soon as he had gained his freedom he again ventured toward the field of Rice and soon entered it. Now I saw as I looked that what had seemed to him so fair in the distance was full of terrible pitfalls and dreadful caverns that extended clear to the center of the earth. I saw further, that between each of these caverns were monstrous whirlpools that threatened to swallow him did he but move. And his feet became tangled among the stalks of Rice and he did fall to earth and cry aloud for help.

Now, after great toil, he passed through this terrible ordeal and was yet more weary than ever and began to cry anew for relief. And the Great Cook came to him again and said, "Do you see yon castle to the right of you?"

"Right well, I do," replied New-Student.

"Very well, then," replied the other, "go thou therefore and present thyself at the door thereof and there will come to meet thee the giant Charles, who is of very great size and has strength to help thee off with thy burden."

Then did New-Student gird up his loins and prepare himself for his journey.

And he went on until he came to the door of the castle where he knocked over and over. At last there came to meet him the giant, who began to roar at him and to ask him why he came. Then did New-Student tell him of the weary years that he had traveled and of the relief which he sought; the which after he had heard, the giant thundered forth, "Get thee before me," and with that he drove him into a very grewsome looking place called Biological Laboratory, where lived species of every living thing that had existence since the creation, and pointing with a monstrous finger to each, he said, "Make patterns thereof."

Now, when New-Student heard this, he grew very miserable, for in all his pilgrimage he had not met with a hardship like this. And, moreover, he began to tremble and grow afraid, for there surrounded him snapping, hopping and crawling things that opened their slimy jaws and glared at him with fiery eyes

until he felt that he would be crazed in his wits. But then did he bethink him of the cane which he carried, and beating back each living thing he finally escaped.

Now, it did so happen that when he escaped his burden was lighter than ever and his heart was glad, for, separated from him only by a river, was the Land of Glory which he sought.

Now, the name of this river was Rosenkranz, and as I looked I saw the Great Cook standing upon the farther side beckoning to the multitudes who gathered upon the brink to cross. And as I looked I saw pilgrims who had been upon the road from one to three years. And each did stand upon the edge and ask, "Is there no other way to cross?" while still the hand of the mighty Cook did beckon to them to come. Then did each plunge himself into the river, New-Student with the throng.

Now, as I looked, I saw that the water was much deeper than it had appeared to be and New-Student began to sink. Then did his heart grow heavy and sink within him, for he felt that surely he must be lost. Moreover, he felt, too, as he neared the bottom the bones of those who had perished here. And then a great horror and darkness fell upon him and he lost his senses, the which he had recovered he heard the Great Cook shouting to him, "Memorize, memorize!" And he did take his advice and found himself rising until he came near to the stone of Self-Estrangement upon which he did crawl, when lo, his burden did drop from him altogether and fall thereon and he was free.

Then did the mighty Cook take him by the hand, and present to him the shining roll which he had sought for so long, and bade him pass on into the Land of Glory. And there walked by his side fifty or sixty others who had also been pilgrims, and his face shone with a great joy, and he was very glad.

So I awoke, and behold, it was a dream!

ANNA J. GARRITY.

Senior Class



ANNA J. GARRITY

AGNES T. RADY

ALTA D. STUART

MABEL STILES

GRACE BRANDT

DOROTHY SHIELDS

MARY F. COOL

DAISY RICHARDSON

DAVID MADDEN



Senior Class



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LOTTIE B. GREGORY

MAUDE E. BRATTON

CAROLYN LENEHEN

ELSIE F. FARR

BERTHA WILLIAMS

VICTOR C. KAYS

JAMES I. FREDERICK

WILLIAM R. MOFET



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ETHEL V. RICE

MAMIE ZILLIGEN

LOUISE LYONS

CORA L. BOHRINGER

PEARL DUNBAR

EDITH WOODMAN

MARGARET FITZPATRICK

MILDRED ADAMS

JULIA D. MITCHELL



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LILLIAN E. WAGNER

EMILY BODENSCHATZ

CLARENCE H. FERGUSON

MARY MCGAY

EDGAR F. NICHOLS

KATE BRUNDAGE

ELIZABETH LYONS

HENRY NESS



Senior Class



EUGENE PORCHEUR

ETTA E. GRUNEWALD

LIZZIE ROWLEY

LOUIS R. SANFORD

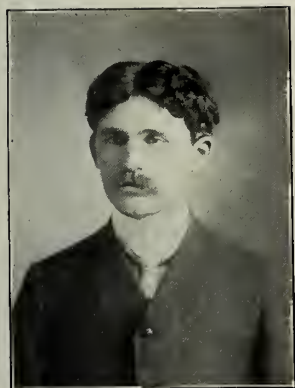
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AGNES ROBINSON

EDNA B. REED

ETHEL PHILLIPS

EDA V. SMITH



Senior Class



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ADA A. PRATT

KATHARINE GRIFFITH

EDITH P. SOVEREIGN

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EDWARD P. MALONE

MARY BAYLEY

BERTHA D. GOODYEAR





JESSICA M. EADES



GERTRUDE BURNS



BLANCHE HAYES



MABLE STARIN



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President..... Etta Grunewald
Vice-President..... Mary McGay
Secretary and Treasurer..... James Frederick

Color: Yale Blue.

Motto

"Vincit, qui se vincit."

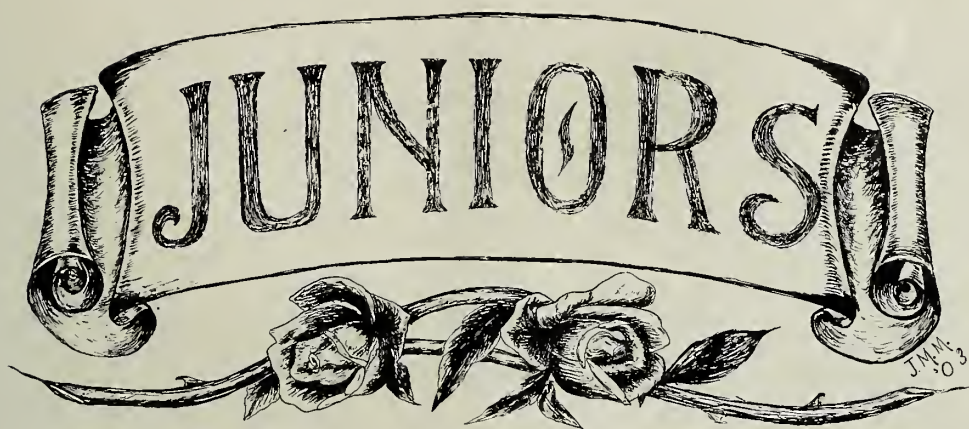
Hell

Hooray! Hurrah! Hurray! Hooroo!
 We are the Class of 1902!

Roll Call

| NAME | TOWN | COUNTY |
|----------------------------|------------------|------------|
| Adams, Mildred..... | Marengo..... | McHenry |
| Bayley, Mary..... | Tonica..... | La Salle |
| Bodenschatz, Emily..... | Elgin..... | Kane |
| Böhringer, Cora L..... | Morrison..... | Whiteside |
| Bratton, Maude E..... | Kankakee..... | Kankakee |
| Brandt, Grace..... | Elgin..... | Kane |
| Brundage, Kate..... | Malta..... | De Kalb |
| Burns, Gertrude..... | Austin..... | Cook |
| Cool, Mary F..... | Blue Island..... | Cook |
| Dunbar, Pearl..... | Dover..... | Bureau |
| Eades, Jessica M..... | Streator..... | La Salle |
| Farr, Elsie F..... | Saunemin..... | Livingston |
| Fitzpatrick, Margaret..... | Marengo..... | McHenry |
| Garretson, Mary V..... | De Kalb..... | De Kalb |

| NAME | TOWN | COUNTY |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------|-------------|
| Garrity, Anna J. | Triumph | La Salle |
| Goodyear, Bertha D. | De Kalb | De Kalb |
| Gregory, Lottie B. | Rockford | Winnebago |
| Griffith, Katharine | Ashton | Lee |
| Grunewald, Etta E. | Rockford | Winnebago |
| Hayes, Blanche | Sterling | Winnebago |
| Hugett, Hatty | Batavia | Kane |
| Lenehen, Carolyn | Manteno | Kankakee |
| Lilley, Marian | Aurora | Kane |
| Lyons, Elizabeth | Aurora | Kane |
| Lyons, Louise | De Kalb | De Kalb |
| McGay, Mary | Oak Park | Cook |
| Mitchell, Julia D. | Austin | Cook |
| Nilson, Elsie W. | Sycamore | De Kalb |
| Philbrook, Mrs. Maud | Rochelle | Ogle |
| Phillips, Ethel | Hebron | McHenry |
| Pratt, Ada A. | Elgin | Kane |
| Rady, Agnes T. | Blue Island | Cook |
| Reed, Edna B. | Austin | Cook |
| Rice, Ethel V. | Chicago | Cook |
| Richardson, Daisy | Marengo | McHenry |
| Robinson, Agnes | Joliet | Will |
| Rowley, Edith | Sycamore | De Kalb |
| Rowley, Lizzie | Sycamore | De Kalb |
| Shields, Dorothy | Aurora | Kane |
| Smith, Eda V. | Carpentersville | Kane |
| Sovereign, Edith P. | Rockford | Winnebago |
| Starin, Mable | Ladysmith | (Wisconsin) |
| Stiles, Mabel | Elgin | Kane |
| Stuart, Alta D. | De Kalb | De Kalb |
| Wagner, Lillian E. | Batavia | Kane |
| Williams, Bertha | Bedford | (Iowa) |
| Woodman, Edith | Elburn | Kane |
| Zilligen, Mamie | Riverdale | Cook |
| Ferguson, Clarence H. | De Kalb | De Kalb |
| Frederick, James I. | Paxton | Ford |
| Kays, Victor C. | Magnolia | Putnam |
| Madden, David | Damascus | Stephenson |
| Malone, Edward P. | De Kalb | De Kalb |
| Mofet, William R. | Millburn | Lake |
| Ness, Henry | Shabbona | De Kalb |
| Nichols, Edgar F. | De Kalb | De Kalb |
| Porcheur, Eugene | Ottawa | La Salle |
| Sanford, Louis R. | Sycamore | De Kalb |



Officers

President..... John Wiltse
Vice-President..... Alice Garretson
Secretary..... Winnie Mallin
Treasurer..... Albert Britton

Colors: Maroon and White.

Motto

“Thfos Tfu.”

Roll Call

| NAME | TOWN | COUNTY |
|--------------------------|-----------------|-----------|
| Allen, Ada | Aurora | Kane |
| Baird, Grace J..... | De Kalb..... | De Kalb |
| Baseman, Jessie..... | Elgin..... | Kane |
| Benedict, Mrs. Cora..... | Elgin..... | Kane |
| Benson, Minnie..... | Batavia..... | Kane |
| Best, Jessie | Rochelle..... | Ogle |
| Bowler, Margaret | Joliet..... | Will |
| Brainard, Grayce..... | Harvard..... | McHenry |
| Brainard, Ethelyn..... | Chicago | Cook |
| Breezer, Mollie | Belvidere..... | Boone |
| Britton, Elsie..... | Elgin..... | Kane |
| Carney, Mabel | Marseilles..... | La Salle |
| Clifford, Jean..... | Elgin..... | Kane |
| Coburn, Golda..... | Elgin..... | Kane |
| Cogswell, Lucy | Dixon | Lee |
| Crapser, Jessamine..... | Shabbona..... | De Kalb |
| Cunniff, Emma..... | Sterling | Whiteside |
| Davidson, Emily..... | Elgin..... | Kane |
| Davis, Elsie..... | Bristol..... | Kendall |
| Dawson, Dorothy | Aurora | Kane |
| Doré, Katherine | Chicago..... | Cook |

| NAME | TOWN | COUNTY |
|-----------------------------|--------------------|----------------|
| Dowdall, Leonora..... | De Kalb..... | De Kalb |
| Dullam, Ethel..... | Rockford..... | Winnebago |
| Dunning, Fannie..... | Chicago..... | Cook |
| Eakin, Mrs. Margaret..... | Elgin..... | Kane |
| Elliott, Anna..... | Chicago..... | Cook |
| Engdahl, Rose..... | Elgin..... | Kane |
| Etling, Emma..... | Warren..... | Jo Daviess |
| Ferris, Daisy..... | Tampico..... | Whiteside |
| Gallaher, Ruth..... | Warren..... | Jo Daviess |
| Garretson, Alice..... | De Kalb..... | De Kalb |
| Gastfield, Harriet..... | Deerfield..... | Lake |
| Glover, Bertha..... | Ottowa..... | La Salle |
| Goble, Edith..... | Pawpaw..... | Lee |
| Goble, Viola..... | Pawpaw..... | Lee |
| Greenlee, Margaret..... | Argyle..... | Winnebago |
| Grimes, Madge..... | Batavia..... | Kane |
| Gross, Lena..... | De Kalb..... | De Kalb |
| Grove, Gertrude..... | Dixon..... | Lee |
| Haight, Harriet..... | Sycamore..... | De Kalb |
| Harding, Lillian..... | Aurora..... | Kane |
| Hayes, Mrs. Katharine..... | Sterling..... | Whiteside |
| Heald, Anna..... | Marseilles..... | La Salle |
| Heuman, Edith..... | Elgin..... | Kane |
| Hoffman, Minnie..... | Monroe Center..... | Ogle |
| Hogan, Loreto..... | Seneca..... | La Salle |
| Isaacson, Huldah..... | La Fox..... | Kane |
| James, Mrs. Jessie..... | Fargo..... | (North Dakota) |
| Johnson, Mattie..... | De Kalb..... | De Kalb |
| Kentner, Emma P..... | Dixon..... | Lee |
| Kiehle, Shirley..... | Waukegan..... | Lake |
| Kingsbury, Mrs. Stella..... | Mendota..... | La Salle |
| Klotz, Matilda..... | Pinkneyville..... | Perry |
| Kruse, Anna C..... | Andalusia..... | Rock Island |
| Lawrence, Della..... | Elgin..... | Kane |
| Leach, Bessie..... | Elgin..... | Kane |
| Lund, Ellen..... | Moline..... | Rock Island |
| McElhaney, Alda..... | Rock Falls..... | Whiteside |
| McElwain, Ruth..... | Rockford..... | Winnebago |
| Mallin, Winnie..... | Oak Park..... | Cook |
| Marriett, Anna..... | Belvidere..... | Boone |
| Marshall, Jeanie..... | Wasco..... | Kane |
| Mombleau, Nellie..... | Aurora..... | Kane |
| Nyman, Jeannette..... | Rockford..... | Winnebago |
| O'Connor, Mary..... | Aurora..... | Kane |
| O'Hare, Sadie..... | Sterling..... | Whiteside |

| NAME | TOW | COUNTY |
|----------------------|----------------|-------------|
| Paulsen, Lillian | Chicago | Cook |
| Peacock, Josephene | Dixon | Lee |
| Pfrangle, Jessie | Auron | Kane |
| Peterson, Jennie | Elgin | Kane |
| Pratt, Florence | Sycamore | De Kalb |
| Robbie, Mary | Aurora | Kane |
| Ross, Hilma | Lemont | Cook |
| Schwarz, Marie | Freeport | Stephenson |
| Scott, Maud | Pontiac | Livingston |
| Sinclair, Verne | De Kalb | De Kalb |
| Spring, Nellie | Centraia | Marion |
| Stanton, Martha | Batavia | Kane |
| Tallmadge, Alice | Oregon | Ogle |
| Tazewell, Edna | Kingston | De Kalb |
| Tazewell, Zada | Kingston | De Kalb |
| Thornton, Bessie | Rockford | Winnebago |
| Van Epps, Ida | Belvidere | Boone |
| Waldron, Rachel | Chicago | Cook |
| Ward, Lulu | Bellflower | McLane |
| Waterbury, Hattie | Polo | Ogle |
| Waterhouse, Gertrude | Auron | Kane |
| Wheaton, Elsie | Saunemin | Livingston |
| Wilbern, Grace | Elgin | Kane |
| Wilson, Abbie | St. Charles | Kane |
| Winne, Mrs. Mattie | Evanston | Cook |
| Zuck, Ora | Savannah | Carroll |
| Ackert, J. Edward | Dixon | Lee |
| Arbuckle, Philip | Kingston | De Kalb |
| Britton, Albert | Elgin | Kane |
| Cornell, Noah | Sugar Grove | Kane |
| Hatch, Harry | Lisle | Du Page |
| Hausen, Henry | Franklin Grove | Lee |
| Keeler, Fred | Belvidere | Boone |
| Lucas, Paul | Belvidere | Boone |
| Miller, Carl | Paxton | Ford |
| Murra, Fim | De Kalb | De Kalb |
| Puffer, Hal E. | Capron | Boone |
| Quick, Albert | Cordova | Rock Island |
| Reichardt, John | Troy Grove | La Salle |
| Runnells, Walter | Henry | Marshal |
| Stetzler, Edwin | Kellerton | (Iowa) |
| Stetzler, Loyd | Kellerton | (Iowa) |
| Taplin, Charles | Belvidere | Boone |
| Wiltse, John | Cortland | De Kalb |

In Memoriam

Charles U. Taplin

Died January 5, 1902



Officers

President.....Helen A. Miles
Secretary.....Marguerite Nicholson
Treasurer.....John A. Logan

Color: Crimson.

Motto

We have crossed the bay;
 The ocean lies before us.

Yell

Hicta, millica, ollica, roar!
 Boomalaca, bow wow, 1904.
 Illica, olica, socta res;
 Hibble dibble; Hobble gobble;
 Irregilla es.
 1904. N. I. S. N. S.

Roll Call

| NAME | TOWN | COUNTY |
|----------------------|-----------------|----------|
| Acker, June..... | Polo..... | Ogle |
| Adair, Alice..... | Lanark..... | Carroll |
| Allen, Edith..... | De Kalb..... | De Kalb |
| Barber, Gertie..... | Seneca..... | La Salle |
| Bardinus, Alice..... | Boise City..... | (Idaho) |
| Benthien, Emma..... | Millbrook..... | Kendal |

| NAME | TOWN | COUNTY |
|-----------------------|----------------|------------|
| Benthusen, Grace | Crystal Lake | McHenry |
| Clayton, Rachel | Walnut | Bureau |
| Conklin, Belle | Joliet | Will |
| Cooper, Bessie | Hamlet | Mercer |
| Coultas, Ethel | Malta | DeKalb |
| Croushorn, Susie | Oswego | Kendal |
| Decker, Mary | Ivanhoe | Lake |
| Dolder, Rose | Somonauk | De Kalb |
| Duffey, Anna | De Kalb | De Kalb |
| Eilenberger, Elnora | Glen Ellyn | Du Page |
| Fetzer, Mary | Damascus | Stephenson |
| Finley, Effie | Sugar Grove | Kane |
| Frame, Daisy | Sharpsburg | Christian |
| Fuller, Mary | Sheridan | La Salle |
| Garner, Stella | Rochelle | Ogle |
| Gibbs, Mildred | Kingston | De Kalb |
| Green, Alice | Gardner | Grundy |
| Gross, Emma | De Kalb | De Kalb |
| Guerin, May E | Maple Park | Kane |
| Hahn, Myrtle | Rochelle | Ogle |
| Hamilton, Alma | Sycamore | De Kalb |
| Harrison, Eva | Crystal Lake | McHenry |
| Heitschmidt, Anna | Maple Park | Kane |
| Hoyt, Frances | De Kalb | De Kalb |
| Katan, Anna | Maple Park | Kane |
| Lester, Gertrude | Libertyville | Lake |
| McFadden, Mary | Spring Valley | Bureau |
| Mack, Elsie | Monroe Centre | Ogle |
| Maitland, Mable | Sycamore | De Kalb |
| Mann, Jessie | Earlville | La Salle |
| Martin, Cora A | West Chicago | Du Page |
| Mentch, Vera | Cary Station | McHenry |
| Mercer, Irene | Somonauk | De Kalb |
| Merriman, Lois B | Garden Prairie | Boone |
| Miles, Helen | Joliet | Will |
| Mix, Annette | Farmer City | De Witt |
| Newberry, Florence | De Kalb | De Kalb |
| Nicholson, Marguerite | Shabbona | De Kalb |
| Nickell, Kathryn | Monarch | McLean |
| Nolon, Josephine | Mendota | La Salle |
| Parsons, Pearl | Rockport | Pike |
| Patten, S. Elizabeth | Sandwich | De Kalb |
| Reed, Myrtle A | North Chicago | Lake |
| Reynolds, Margaret | Rochelle | Ogle |
| Senniff, Bertha | Fairhaven | Carroll |

| NAME | TOWN | COUNTY |
|--------------------------|---------------------|------------|
| Sleezer, Lyda V..... | Millbrook..... | Kendal |
| Smith, Clara B..... | Macomb..... | McDonough |
| Timms, Maud..... | Pearl City..... | Stephenson |
| Troxell, Eleanor..... | Evanston..... | Cook |
| Vatter, Rose A..... | Monee..... | Will |
| Weeks, Annie..... | Helmar..... | Kendal |
| Williamson, Nettie..... | Zion..... | Jo Daviess |
| Williamson, Susie..... | Zion..... | Jo Daviess |
| Wilson, Sarah..... | De Kalb..... | De Kalb |
| Wisner, Ethel..... | Libertyville..... | Lake |
| Waugh, Maud..... | Belvidere..... | Boone |
| Waugh, Myrtle..... | Belvidere..... | Boone |
| Wincapaw, Katharine..... | Poplar Grove..... | Boone |
| | | |
| Anderson, Omer..... | Newark..... | Kendal |
| Govig, Nels P..... | Creston..... | Ogle |
| Hill, Knute..... | Creston..... | Ogle |
| Logan, John..... | Junction..... | Gallatin |
| Parmalee, Bruce..... | Rochelle..... | Ogle |
| Pepper, Homer..... | Davis Junction..... | Ogle |
| Randall, Claude..... | De Kalb..... | De Kalb |
| Ritzman, Floyd..... | Orangeville..... | Stephenson |
| Shortell, Dan E..... | Kewanee..... | Henry |
| Todd, Wm..... | Gardner..... | Grundy |
| Wittenmeyer, Lloyd..... | Red Oak..... | Stephenson |
| Wright, Clark..... | Winslow..... | Stephenson |
| Hardacre, Geo..... | Troy Grove..... | La Salle |



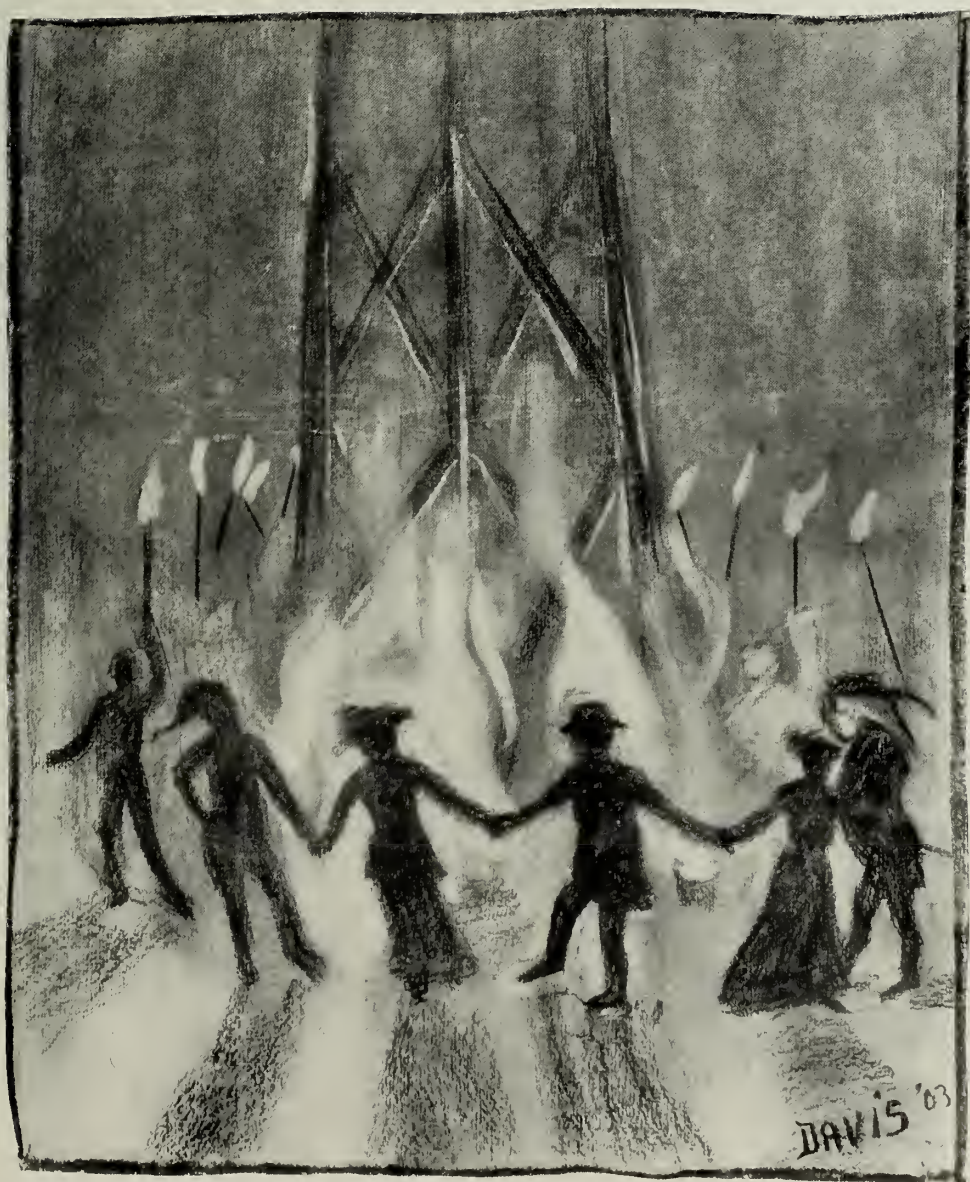
COLUMBUS COCHRAN KEITH



Roll Call

| NAME | TOWN | COUNTY |
|-----------------------|------------------|----------|
| *Greenough, Chas..... | Cooksville..... | McLean |
| Dearborn, Lydia..... | St. Charles..... | Kane |
| Harvey, Alta..... | Sycamore..... | De Kalb |
| McLean, Addie..... | Batavia..... | Kane |
| Nicholson, Maud..... | Chicago..... | Cook |
| Pohl, Minnie..... | Belvidere..... | Boone |
| Hill, Dr. Wm..... | Birmingham..... | Schuyler |

*Post-Graduate.



The Old Windmill



IN ITS early days the windmill looked down upon the broad fields where cows were peacefully grazing. With the creaking of its sails were mingled the quacking of ducks and the gobbling of turkeys. At night, it heard the gentle lowing of the cows waiting for the hired man to come in, tired and dusty, from the fields of corn. Later, people gathered around it at the county fair and crowded against each other in their efforts to get a drink of its cool water. The cries of fakirs came to it, mingled with the calls of the peanut boy, the squealing of pigs, and the bleating of sheep. Many a time it saw a hard finish in a 2:40 trot, or perhaps three or four running horses laboriously trying to keep from flying off the track into the Kishwaukee. After a time interest in these things died out. Then, from distant parts of the country, came "Weary Willies" to lounge contentedly under the trees during long, lazy summer afternoons. However, they cared little for the old windmill and scorned its clear water for something with more snap to it.

And why should they have thought of it? Its paint was gone and it looked bleak and weather-beaten. Many a small boy had shown his venturesome spirit by climbing to the tower and cutting his name in its fan. Whether so many boys had cut their names on it that they had whittled it quite away, or whether it just naturally fell to pieces, one cannot tell; at any rate, soon after the tramps had deserted it, the windmill lost its fan. But even then it was not entirely forgotten. Groups of boys and girls began to pass by it daily on their way up to a new building that had grown up on the hill. They were a rollicking set, full of the effervescence that bubbles over in good will towards everyone, and in their good nature they made the old windmill one of their friends. Indeed, they once invited it to a football celebration, but for some reason they failed to celebrate and the windmill was left out in the cold.

All winter long, it shivered forlorn. But one day, there seemed to be something unusual about to happen. Groups of students walked about it all day long and talked in mysterious whispers. Even the faculty walked by with knowing smiles on their faces. When night came, a crowd of excited people went up to the great building on the hill. Nobody noticed the old windmill; not even a freshman came to it with pencil in hand to tell of its appearance in beautiful prose. It grew lonely and disconsolate and longed for the days of the county fair and for the "Wandering Willies." But all of a sudden, a shout went up from the great building, and then a band of boys rushed down the hill toward the windmill. One came with a great can and soaked the gray framework in oil. Then tongues of flames began to crawl up the time-worn beams. Students and townsfolk gathered around and gave cheer after cheer in Indian fashion for Mofet and for the N. I. S. N. S. At last the old windmill fell with a crash; the flames leaped high once more and gradually died down. The crowd became smaller and smaller till only a few boys remained to shoot the cannon crackers. Finally, a farewell cracker, the largest of them all, was shot off, and the boys lingered a moment on the bridge to watch all that remained of the old windmill, floating in strands of light blue smoke over the river and meadows. At last it had celebrated.

PAUL J. LUCAS.

The Oratorical Contest



AS MINERVA of old sprang full-grown from the head of Jove, so the Oratorical Association sprang full-grown from this Young Jove of Northern Illinois.

Toward the close of the fall term an invitation came from the "old Normal" to this school asking it to unite in a State Oratorical Association. The invitation was accepted, a constitution was drawn up, a local organization was effected and orators were chosen by the association. A few weeks later these orators appeared before a committee of the Faculty and John Wiltse, James Frederick, Mildred Adams and W. R. Mofet were chosen to appear in public contest on the evening of March 15. When the eventful day arrived De Kalb, true to its traditions, furnished the usual down-pour, but at eventide there was a glory in the western sky, and by eight o'clock the rain was over. The program was pronounced the most artistic that the school had yet given. Every number was a credit to the school. W. R. Mofet took first place and the generous prize of one hundred dollars, offered by Colonel I. L. Ellwood. James Frederick took second place and the prize of fifty dollars, offered by Dr. Cook.

After this preliminary contest, attention at once focused upon an event arranged for April 2—the state oratorical contest. Since none of the other Normal schools of the state entered the association, the field was left for the "old Normal" at Bloomington and the new Normal School at De Kalb. April 2 arrived as days have a way of doing, and with it came Miss Gay, the orator from Normal, and a delegation numbering fourteen. The preliminary contest had been a family affair—brother against brother in friendly rivalry, but this contest was to be school against school in friendly rivalry. School spirit began to grow, school colors appeared in corridors and class-rooms, but school yells did not, like the music of Orpheus, draw rocks and trees after them. The school became a unit—an organization with one dominant purpose. Miss Gay's "Knight Ideal of American Politics" met Mr. Mofet's "Knight Ideal of Truth," and was defeated in fair fight. A rush for the stage—school yells, wild enthusiasm followed, an event that marked an epoch in our school's history.

The second contest won, our "hero victorious," with twelve staunch allies started out for new worlds to conquer and found them in the combined eloquence of Iowa, Wisconsin, Missouri and Kansas on the evening of May 8, in the year 1902, at Emporia, Kansas.

This great event, the Inter-State Normal Oratorical Contest, had brought together the noisiest, jolliest, most enthusiastic body of students ever congregated on such an occasion. Picture to yourself an auditorium fashioned like an opera house with raised floor, wide sweeping gallery, boxes, stage, drop curtain and all, with every chair occupied and every available foot of standing room taken, and you have the setting for the Inter-State contest. "A sea of faces, billows of color, and waves of enthusiasm!" exclaimed an eye-witness.

By eight o'clock "Albert Taylor Hall" was packed and for one-half hour good natured pandemonium reigned supreme. Iowa was there with her forty Minnesingers who kept the house resounding to their musical

Boom! Boom! De Aye!
Boom! Boom! De Aye!
Iowa Normal!
Iowa!

Missouri answered with her

Normal, Normal, number two!
Warrensburg in old Missou!

and the rest of it was drowned by the deep-voiced

Roria! Roria! Roh! Roh! Ren!
Roria! Roria! Roh! K, N

of the Jayhawkers—a thousand strong. The "lucky thirteen" of Illinois, though outnumbered, would not be outvoted and made themselves heard with their

Rip! Ray! Roy!
Long Boy!
Illinois.

Since Wisconsin had but three to yell, the other schools helped her out with

Ole Olson! Johnnie Johnson!
Oshkosh, Wisconsin!

Finally, when fifteen hundred people had yelled themselves to a pitch of enthusiasm, verging on delirium, and sung all the school songs that fertile brains could devise, the presiding officer, L. W. Burdick, called the house to order. The audience, led by the orchestra, sang "America," Prof. Hill gave the invocation and the "battle of the giants" was on. James Woodford, the Kansas representative, spoke first. When he stepped forward, instead of the usual handclapping, a thousand white handkerchiefs moved in Chautauqua salute. By this time the tide of expectation and enthusiasm had reached such a pitch that one wondered if it could go higher. Mr. Woodford spoke on "American Diplomacy," with an ease and directness that won his audience. The judges gave him second place.

Then came our Illinois orator with his oration on "Peter Abelard." Perfect diction, invincible logic, and an original and philosophical treatment of his subject together with faultless delivery and that indefinable something that holds an audience as by a spell, gave him first place and never were honors more fairly won. Mr. Mofet won three of the eight firsts given.

After a selection by the Minnesingers, E. W. Vogel spoke on "Savonarola," and was given fourth place. Miss Charlotte D. Ray, of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, made a strong plea for "Shylock," and was given third place. Miss Norma Norman closed the program with an oration on "The Supremacy of American Commerce." Then came an agonizing wait of nearly an hour while the grade sheet was being made up. At last the president appeared with the decision and stated that he would read the ranks beginning with the last. Missouri was announced, but we knew we were not near that end of the line; "Iowa," and we leaned forward to hear; "Wisconsin," and we began to breathe hard; "Kansas"—but we did not wait to hear the first name on the list. The Illinois delegation made the stage at a single bound. What happened there must have been seen to be appreciated.

Mr. Mofet has won for the N. I. S. N. S. the greatest victory that has come to it.

Peter Abelard

W. R. MOFET.

(Northern Illinois State Normal School.)



IN THE far-off, ancestral past there was a time when man was something less than man,—a time when he roved carelessly over the earth and shared the joys of beasts. One great day across his brutish brain there flashed a ray of light. In all time's calendar there is no grander moment, for then began a strife whose warriors are the sons of men and whose battle-field is the human heart. On that day were born two spirits that are the great leaders of this warfare. Both are honest and sincere; yet only by their never-ceasing conflict does the world move onward.

One spirit is conservative and clings with blind, unswerving loyalty to all the past. It lives to-day in our great institutions and through them men serve that past. It makes us love old songs and old ways of doing things, and there is no nation or land that has not known it. It lived in the palmy days of Greece and gave to Socrates the cup of hemlock. It nerved the arm of Brutus when he drove his dagger home. It wove a crown of thorns and raised a cross on Calvary's hill. It brought fear to the heart of Galileo and words of retraction to his lips. It sat in judgment on the witches of Salem and condemned them to death. It has been the conservator of civilization and has laid the foundations of society wide and deep; but in so doing, it has filled the years with anguish and the hearts of men with bitter pain. For at some time in every aspiring life, a younger, fairer spirit calls in high, clear tones. It is the voice of the Future and when it calls, men forget the legends of the past, to find within themselves a fever that no art can calm.

Peter heard the call on the shore of Galilee and leaving his fisher's nets, followed through doubt and denial, to die at last as died his master. It called to Columbus and he crossed an unknown sea, winning for Spain unbounded wealth, only to die alone in poverty and chains. It called to John Brown and he left his plow standing in the furrows of peaceful fields, to meet a shameful death at Harper's Ferry. Such are the men the Future calls; such the reward she gives them. But poverty and pain and disgrace, all that progress has cost, sink into oblivion in the great crises of history. With that touch of the divine which has shot fitful gleams of glory through the darkness of the past, man gives to the future that greatest of all gifts, himself. Nine centuries ago, the spirit of the Future called to Peter Abelard, a thoughtful student on the hills of Brittany. He answered, and the echoes of that answer, lingering in every footfall in the march of progress, are borne abroad on every wind of freedom.



WILLIAM RAYNOR MOFET

In the year eight hundred, Charlemagne had completed a world empire under whose protection the Holy Roman Church had perfected a marvelous organization. Charlemagne died and his kingdom was divided, but the Church, preserving throughout her realm a complete unity, in one short century had assumed enormous proportions. She had complete spiritual control of civilized Europe, and one by one, political privileges were passing into her hands. Henry IV., the proudest monarch of Europe, had humbled himself before her power. With a philosophy that sustained the dogmas of her creed and justified every demand of her ambition, and an empire greater than that of Charlemagne or Alexander, she seemed destined to dominate the civilized world. Sustained by no force of arms or art of reason, but by the reverence and love of a million human hearts, she stood undisturbed while Europe was filled with unrest. The Normans, crossing the channel, had defeated Harold at Hastings, and William I. reigned over the unruly Saxons. Saracens, Huns and Magyars were pressing in upon the frontiers of Europe. The hardy Northmen, guided by wind and star, were sailing stormy seas and catching glimpses of unknown lands. The Crusaders,—the very flower of Christian chivalry—moved by the fiery words of Peter the Hermit, were seeking to recover the Holy Sepulchre. This brief page of the world's history typifies the resistless march of progress. Slowly but steadily the boundaries of learning were advancing. Strange new knowledge was pouring in upon Christendom. In Spain and in the far East, men were gazing with admiration upon a civilization greater than the boasted one of Christian Europe. In every direction, discovery and exploration were affording new opportunities for development; unlimited power and knowledge were awaiting man's directing hand. It is a crisis in the world's history. Shall this power and knowledge do naught but fetter men and bind them closer to the past, or shall it strike off every chain, leaving men free in mind and heart with a glad vision of those infinite fields of thought and action, which are their eternal heritage? The dominant power of Europe is the Holy Roman Empire. She is a perfect embodiment of the past, asking of the human mind but one thing, acceptance of her dogmas. Productive thought and invention are rendered impossible by every law of her existence. The moment is tragic. Greater than king or kingdom she stands, waiting to place the seal of silence on all the future. If she triumph, then close the book of history with its grandest names unwritten and its most glorious achievements unrecorded. There in the world's arena stands the Holy Roman Empire, the mightiest antagonist of the century; the gage of battle has been thrown and all Europe awaits the encounter. Single-handed, with no criterion but truth, having no plea but justice, no motive but love, Peter Abelard, all unconscious of his great mission, stands reverently before the world pleading for the millions yet unborn.

Abelard, the son of noble parents, renounced his birth-right and became a wandering scholar, sitting at the feet of the greatest teachers of his time. He

rejected authority, declared the right of every man to think for himself, and became the most famous philosopher of the Middle Ages. Soon the tide of events moved his restless mind and he left the barren field of logic where he had won his great renown, for the untried realm of theology. But no act of will, could change the process of his thought. Before he had used reason to shatter the fallacies of philosophy; now its iron hand was laid upon his own heart. One by one, it shattered the ties that bound him to the past. With bitter, unavailing grief, the sweetest memories of his life were surrendered at its command.

Abelard had a message to deliver that no other could tell. To this mission he sacrificed that which men hold dearest,—his hope of home and love; and then, having severed every tie that bound him to the past, he turned back, alone, to face the world. He told men everywhere that they should think for themselves; he demanded that men should be judged by their motives, not by their deeds; he told the common people to read the Scriptures, that years of scholarship were not needed to understand what God would have them do, that truth did not belong to a certain few, but to all. At last rumors of his teachings reached Pope Gregory VII., a man of untiring zeal. The moment demanded action; and with that terrible energy which precipitated Europe into two decades of strife, Gregory turned the power of the Church against Abelard. He was charged with heresy and compelled to burn the book he had written. Twice he was obliged to flee for his life and twice he was condemned by an ecclesiastical council. At last, worn out with years of warfare, he started to Rome to make a personal appeal to the Pope. On the way he was stricken with a fatal illness and died in a friendly monastery, no less a martyr to the cause of Truth than those who perished by the rack and stake. Such was Peter Abelard, whose heart was filled with dreams of the future, whose body was crushed by the wheels of the past, but whose deeds are written on the pages of history.

In the land of his birth, the loving hearts of a great nation have raised to his memory a noble monument. To France belong his birthplace and his tomb: more than this she cannot claim. His deeds and thoughts now boast a larger ownership, whose right she is too generous to question. Learning cannot claim Abelard, though he was the most inspiring teacher of the dark ages, and to-day the greatest university of the world honors him as its founder. Philosophy cannot claim him, though he served her in her greatest need, when the lamp of Reason flickered low and Tradition darkened every outlook of the soul. Religion cannot claim him, though to-day enlightened Christendom holds among its central doctrines the very truths for which he pleaded and for which he suffered, and his heresy, long since forgotten, is now a universal dogma.

But there is a greater than these whose claim cannot be doubted or denied. From that quiet home in Brittany to the rude monastery on the road to Rome, there walked with Abelard one who has lived since the dawn of history; one to whom pain and persecution were neither strange nor fearful. She knelt with him

in the narrow cell of St. Denys when, as a simple monk, he fought his first great battle. She lived with him as a hermit in the wilderness at Nogent, speaking through him to eager throngs of scholars. In the Synod of Soissons, surrounded by monk and abbot, she stood with Abelard as he burned the book into which he had put the great effort of his life. But the book was hers, not Abelard's, and neither the power of man nor the wasting touch of time could dim its burning message. Twenty years after, she heard him tried for heresy before the council of Sens, when his accusers little knew that the cause they tried that day was the sacred cause of Freedom. She was his companion in the long days of confinement at Cluny; but last and most loving service, she stood beside him in the narrow cell, giving to his dying eyes one glimpse of the future, showing the world-worn warrior that the cause he loved still lived and could not die. For she who lived with Abelard was Truth and then, as now, she stood secure and invincible, fearing no attack. All the logic in the world cannot make a false thing true or a wrong thing right, for Truth is greater than deed or doer and moves on in majesty. The record of her progress is written in the lives of men. The pages are wet with tears and stained with blood. On one page stands the name of Peter Abelard. Neither the darkness of the Middle Ages nor the long centuries that followed can hide it from our gaze for it is the name of one who loved Truth and gave his life to her service.

France may lose her proud eminence among nations; the towers of her great university may crumble and fade in the dust of time; Learning may flee to fairer fields and win greater triumphs; Philosophy may solve the great problems of existence; and the restless sea of thought may mold the religions of the world into strange new forms. But Truth will live, eternal and unchanging, and because she lives, touching with fadeless youth and beauty all that she calls her own, Earth will still cherish among her rarest treasures the memory of Peter Abelard.

Ellwood Society



COLOR: OLIVE GREEN.

Officers

FALL TERM.

President, William R. Mofet.
Vice-President, Elizabeth Lyons.
Secretary, Ada Allen.
Assistant Secretary, Emma Cunniff.
Treasurer, Henry Ness.
Assistant Treasurer, Harriet Haight.

WINTER TERM.

President, J. Edward Ackert.
Vice-President, John Reichardt.
Secretary, Mabel Carney.
Assistant Secretary, Alda McElhaney.
Treasurer, Albert Britton.
Assistant Treasurer, George Hardacre.
Yell Master, Henry Hausen.

SPRING TERM.

President, Elizabeth Lyons.
Vice-President, Mabel Carney.
Secretary, Ruth Gallaher.
Assistant Secretary, Bessie Thornton.
Treasurer, Floyd Ritzman.
Assistant Treasurer, Dan Shortell.



ELLWOOD CONTESTANTS.

Edith Heuman.

W. R. Mofet.
Mary Garrettson.
John Wiltse.

Edith Allen

Anna Kruse.

Elsie Nilson.



“ PERSEUS ”

The Third Inter-Society Contest



THERE seems to be something in human nature that responds to the idea of contest. Classic writers found a fruitful theme in combats like those between the Greek Achilles and the Trojan Hector, so splendidly matched in daring and valor; mediæval writers delighted to tell of joust and tournament, of knightly prowess, of gallant feats of arms; our modern writers find inspiration in the same theme. In all this literature the tales that are immortal are those that portray a noble and generous rivalry, and we like to read how Roland, Charlemagne's bravest paladin, sincerely mourned the death of his Saracen foe, and how the bold Roderick Dhu was thrilled with admiration for his enemy, the dauntless Fitz James.

Many of the elements that have characterized contests in all ages combined to make our contest an event of unusual significance. Our beautiful auditorium was gay with waving banners and bright with the radiance of happy faces as friendly greetings and good wishes were freely interchanged. The annual contest furnishes, perhaps, the strongest rallying-point of the year, and one of its chief pleasures, and a source of inspiration as well, is the presence of so many of the alumni, loyal and enthusiastic as ever. As an introduction to the program the Normal Chorus sang two selections, each in such perfect harmony as to put the audience in a happy frame of mind. Then the battle was on—debate, essay, recitation, oration, vocal and instrumental music. Each society knew that its contestants had worked faithfully and would represent it worthily. As the various numbers were presented it became evident that the judges had no easy task, so closely were the contestants matched as a whole. Each, without exception, demonstrated that it is good to toil earnestly and to bend one's efforts untiringly toward intellectual achievements. Not all could hope to win the coveted mark from the judges; not one went really unrewarded, for each was in a large sense a gainer. The decision of the judges showed that the Ellwoods had tipped the balance by one point only, a result that brought them—a triumphant throng—to pay tribute to the victors, but their songs of victory were drowned by the yells and the songs of the undaunted Gliddens. When these demonstrations had lulled a bit, Dr. Cook, on behalf of the faculty, presented to the Ellwoods a bronze statue of Perseus, a trophy to be kept by the winning society until such time as the opposing society shall demand it by right of conquest.

The judges of music were Mrs. P. S. Hulbert, Oak Park; Mrs. W. J. Ham-mil, De Kalb; John L. Cook, Chicago. The judges of the literary numbers were H. L. Boltwood, Evanston; John C. Hanna, Oak Park; J. M. Frost, Hinsdale.

RECORD OF CONTESTS.

| | |
|---|----|
| Number of contests held..... | 3 |
| Number of contests won by Ellwoods..... | 2 |
| Number of contests won by Gliddens..... | 1 |
| Total number of points won by Ellwoods..... | 10 |
| Total number of points won by Gliddens..... | 11 |

Glidden Society



COLOR: ROYAL PURPLE.

Officers

FALL TERM.

President, Victor Kays.
Vice-President, Paul Lucas.
Secretary, Etta Grunewald.
Assistant Secretary, David Madden.
Treasurer, James Frederick.
Assistant Treasurer, Fim Murra.

WINTER TERM.

President, Elsie Farr.
Vice-President, Elsie Davis.
Secretary, Anna Heald.
Assistant Secretary, Grace Baird.
Treasurer, David Madden.
Assistant Treasurer, Hal Puffer.

SPRING TERM.

President, Mary McGay.
Vice-President, Carl Miller.
Secretary, Josephine Nolon.
Assistant Secretary, Maud Bratton.
Treasurer, Belle Conklin.
Assistant Treasurer, Loyd Stetzler.



GLIDDEN CONTESTANTS.

James Frederick.
Nellie Spring.

Elsie Wheaton.
Clarence Ferguson.
Kate Brundage.

Victor Kays.
Grace Brainard.

Ellwood and Glidden



I.

THERE'S a school just out of town
Near a strenuous barb-wire city;
Where the Kishwaukee, deep and dark,
Flows along, past Campus Park,
Never deigning to carry a bark.
But, when begins my ditty,
Only six bright moons ago,
To hear the students talking so,
Of a contest, was a pity.

II.

Yells!
They sounded loud, and sounded long,
They sounded high and low,
They scared the citizens out of their hats.
Each gave the other friendly pats,
And laughed and cried, and then, alack,
The Ellwoods yelled at the Gliddens,
The Gliddens answered them back.
They even spoiled the faculty's chats,
By drowning their speaking,
With yelling and shrieking,
In fifty different sharps and flats.
At last the people in a body,
To the lighted hall came flocking:
" 'Tis clear," cried some, "the Ellwoods will win,
And as for the judges—shocking,
If they can't decide so little a thing!"
But then said the others with voices mocking,
"Do the Ellwoods think they can do as they please?
And win the whole thing with perfect ease?
Just wait, they'll find they're something lacking,
And sure as fate, we'll send the packing
Along with their 'Shipping Subsidy Bill.'"
When silence reigned,
The President explained,
The evening would open with song.
Then the chorus leader arose,
And stood in silent repose,
While the singers all did climb
To the stage and stand sublime,
As sweet music forth did chime,
From their open throats the time.

When the singing was all done,
 Then was the debate begun.
 As the leader came before,
 No one could enough admire,
 The pleasant man in quiet attire.
 Quoth a Glidden, " 'Tis as Lincoln,
 Starting up at the sound of doom.
 And come this way from his marble tomb."
 "Honorable Judges," said he, "I am able,
 By means of an authorized fable,
 To compel all creatures, without lash or whip,
 To wish and vote for a subsidized ship.
 I chiefly use my charm,
 On persons that do people harm,
 By trying to discourage our foreign trade.
 And who really are afraid,
 To give a few cents for the good of the land.
 We have only contempt for such a band;
 They think that we need no ships,
 Merchant marines, fishing and war vessels, too,
 Yet, simple man that I am,
 I can easily see that we do."
 "The Gliddens have got it!" was the exclamation,
 "For this is truthful presentation."
 Onto the stage the negative stept,
 Smiling first a little smile,
 As if he knew what power slept,
 In his giant form the while.
 Ere through two minutes the speaker could blunder,
 You heard a noise as of startled thunder;
 The muttering grew to a grumbling,
 The grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling,
 Then out of his mouth the words came tumbling,
 Great words, small words, long words, short words:
 Shrill words, still words, good words, bad words.
 Deep, sound mutters, gay, light shutters,
 Expressive, impressive, decisive, explosive,
 Phrases and clauses by tens and by dozens.
 From point to point he went 'thout wincing,
 From ear to ear they crept convincing.

III.

You should have heard the Ellwood people,
 Applauding and cheering till they rocked the steeple.
 "Wait," cried the Gliddens, "we've got another
 Can speak, I guess, as good as his brother.
 Go for them affirmative,
 Put up a bluff,
 We've faith in you and we'll get the stuff."

Of the Ellwood's argument he left not a trace
Of evidence. Said some, "They're out of the race."
But another Ellwood came on the stage,
She spread out at length her manuscript page,
With, "First, if you please, my opponents are wrong,
Their evidence, surely, is not worth a song,"
And proceeded to show it. The Gliddens looked blue,
For she used strong argument, they saw that was true.
Her colleague arose with a knowing wink,
And dazzled our brains till we only could blink.
Said the Gliddens, "Wait till the Ellwoods sink
When they hear the last speech, one that we think
Will give to them a disturbing vision,
And give to us the final decision."

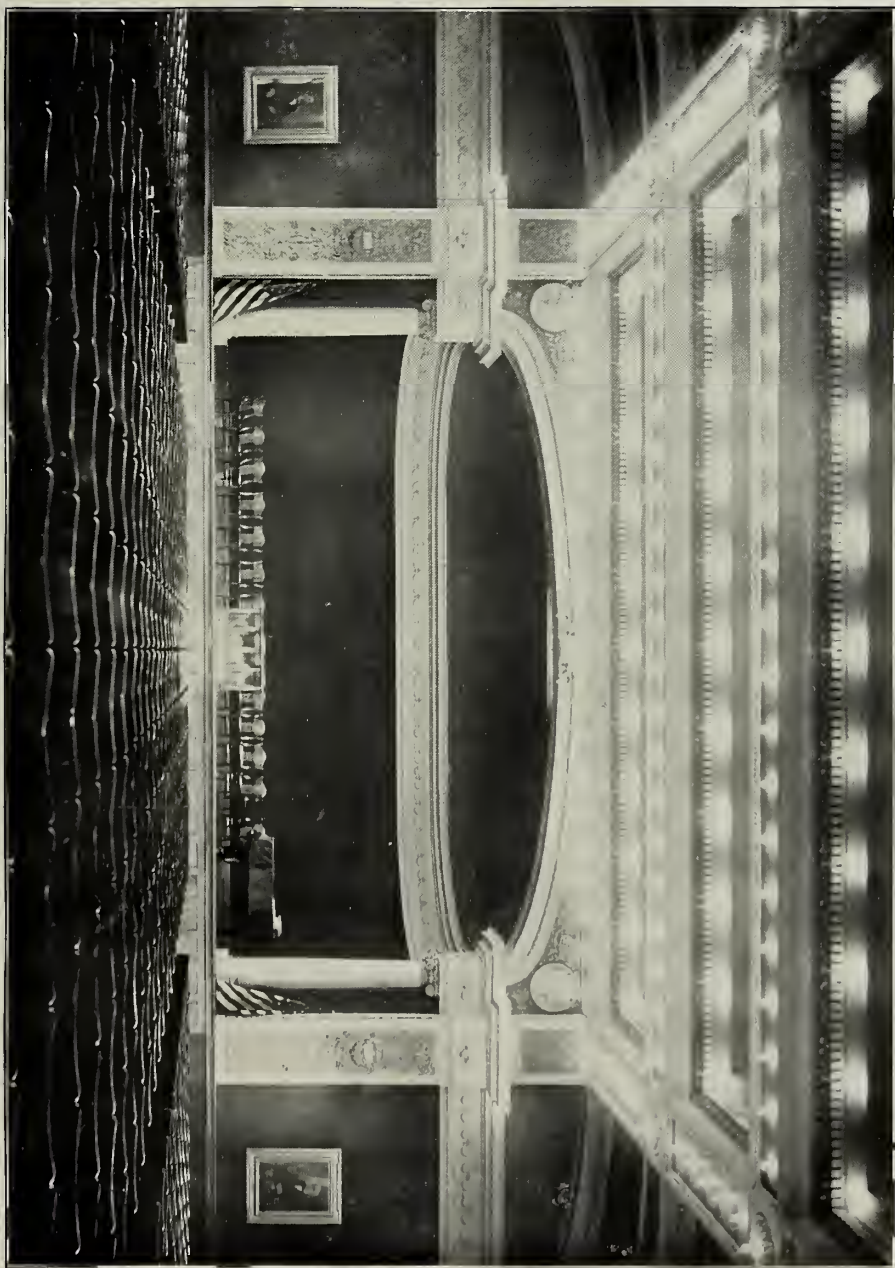
IV.

Thus was the debating done.
But this wasn't all the fun:
We heard music and declamations,
Essays, too, and then orations.
No one could his feeling smother,
Ellwood, Glidden, Glidden, Ellwood,
Which was better than the other,
'Twas exceedingly hard to know.

V.

Then, at last, came the judges' decision.
The audience listened, with dreadful tension,
With eager faces and bated breath;
And when all was still as the very death,
"Three points," we heard, "for the Gliddens,
And four there are for the Ellwoods."
Hurrah! Hurrah, for the Ellwoods.
Alas! Alas, for the Gliddens.

LYDA V. SLEEZER.



AUDITORIUM BY ELECTRIC LIGHT.

The Annual Junior Program



IN JUNE, 1901, we, the present august and distinguished Seniors (*aliases*, Thesis Writers, Best Teachers on Earth, Consummate Interpreters of Dramatic Art, etc., etc., ad libitum, ad nauseam) were led astray. We were led into giving a real live program (alias, a four-ringed circus). The audience of nine hundred of the most distinguished people of De Kalb was pleased, although it must be noted that the audience didn't have half as much fun as we, the then Juniors, had.

We arrived and were welcomed by Dr. Cook, who, for our especial benefit, wore a "red cravat." Somehow or other our baggage finally reached the Ellwood Addition, and we were ready for business. The faculty condescended to entertain us for awhile in Dr. Cook's absence. The "notices" were conventional and stereotyped; so also, were the talks on the "Library" and "Harvard." The singing of that world-renowned glee, entitled "Forsaken," under the leadership of our great-on-high-holds, time-keeping-with-feet teacher of math. was duly appreciated.

The "Critique Lesson" was up to standard. Some members of the faculty failed to get the point of the lesson—due perhaps to their habitual absence from the conventional and recurrent performances given under this title in the Lecture Room. The students, however, who are subject to certain immutable regulations regarding attendance, were so impressed with the life-like reality of the performance that they, from sheer force of habit, wrote up the lesson in the back of their plan-books and received credit for it from the critic teachers.

The "Ambitious" in their performance were most certainly "Up Against the Real Thing." "One of Our Conquerors" deserves especial mention for the ingenuity manifested in discovering things to ask the "Doctor" about. We regret to say, however, that this year, according to the clerk, a lady member of the faculty has quite discounted in variety and persistence the activity which we have just commended so highly. And it is to be noted that the hilarity of the song and chorus following the dialogues was designed to express the opposite of the feeling that usually follows such interviews.

Then, too, the Senior Class was noticed to a certain limited extent. The Seniors had planned to go to Malta on a hay-rack, but when they learned that it would cost them fifteen cents apiece for the ride, and five cents each for soda-water at Malta, they wisely decided to pay ten cents for a "Junior Roast." And they got it. We had private stenographic reports of the personal applications for positions made by some of the Seniors, and these were faithfully reproduced. Also, by the merest chance, a copy of the long-metered Class Hymn fell into our hands, and we sang it before the Seniors had a chance to do so. This is why the Seniors gave no Class Song at their "rendering" of one of Shakespeare's

plays the following night. Also (the secret may be safely told now), through the carelessness of the "Theme Collector," we were able to present some of the very essays which the committee had selected for Commencement Day.

A few of the "American Beauties" of the Class gave a most charming "Rose Fête," which might have been called a beautiful dance, were it not for the fact that the Trustees do not permit dancing in the building. The President of the Board of Trustees enjoyed the Fête very much, as did we all; and we are hoping that when, as "distinguished grads," we return occasionally to our *alma mater*, we shall find the Junior Classes enjoying the privilege of dancing in the gymnasium, for we cannot believe that it is just to deny the right to dance to students of a school at whose dedication the President, Faculty, Trustees, and even the Governor of the State of Illinois danced. We refuse to believe that they danced so well as to make the efforts of the students seem ridiculous. Nor do we feel at liberty to tell what occurred "behind the scenes" when the curtain "fell" at the close.

Still—it's Oh, aren't we happy!
And it's Oh, don't we have fun!
There isn't a one who is nappy,
There isn't a one who's been done;
Every wish, evil or foolish, has been granted before it was asked;
You'd fall on your knees
If you thought it would please
A Junior of naughty-two—that's me,
A Junior of naughty-two.

And, best of all, came the Class Song, with its melody fitting our deeper feeling, its words fitting feeling, thought, resolve and hope—sweeter and dearer to us than to any one else—so sweet and dear that clear and true its refrain wells up again and again, and we sing:

Sweet light of memory,
Shine upon our way!
Visions sweet will linger with us
Till the close of life's short day.

Senior Class Night, 1901

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------|
| Duke Frederick, { | Eugene M. Phillips. |
| Banished Duke, { | |
| Jaques, | Minnie Kemler. |
| Le Beau, { | Roy M. Poust. |
| Silvius, { | |
| Charles, a wrestler, | Charles Lowman. |
| Oliver, | Edward M. Cornell. |
| Sir Oliver Martext, { | |
| Adam, { | L. W. Ragland. |
| Corin, { | |
| Orlando, | W. R. Lloyd. |
| Touchstone, | Frank L. Bennett. |
| William, | Charles Greenough |
| Rosalind, | Ivy Stuart Wright. |
| Celia, | Elizabeth Patten. |
| Phebe, | Mabel Smith. |
| Audrey, | Olive Spence. |
| Amiens, | Richard De Young. |

A YEAR ago the Class of 1901 gave "As You Like It" for their Senior Class Night entertainment. Could they have had their heart's desire they would have presented the play out of doors, "under the greenwood tree," but Dame Nature frowned decidedly upon an attempt to invade her territory and so, since the forest would not come to the Seniors, they brought the forest to the auditorium. With magnificent boughs of richest green and with graceful festoons of wild grapevine and ivy, they made a veritable forest of Arden, where one might fleet the time carelessly as in the golden world.

We are told that Domsie, the grand old schoolmaster at Drumtochty, "had an unerring scent for 'pairts' in his laddies. He could detect a scholar in the egg and prophesied Latinity from a boy that seemed fit only for a cowherd." With equal discernment Miss Hoaglin made her cast of characters for the play, her skillful selection making a harmonious whole. She found and trained a captivating Rosalind—one of Shakespeare's most charming women, full of courage and merry wit. In spite of her disguise, with her "doublet and hose" and her "gallant curtle-ax upon her thigh" she is always tender and womanly. Where could a sweeter Celia be found? She had but to be herself to represent the gentle, loyal mate of Rosalind. The scenes between the two girls were delightful. Orlando was capital, the youth "so gentle full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved." Touchstone kept the audience in a roar of laughter, with his fantastic garb and movements, and the quaintness and richness of his fool's wisdom. The part of the melancholy Jaques who "loved sad cheer and could suck melancholy out of a song" was given an unusually fine interpretation, the speech beginning "All the world's a stage" being especially effective. No one present will soon forget Audrey, the honest, unsophisticated country wench. She heard Touchstone say of her, "She is a poor, ill-favored thing, but mine own," but it disturbed her not a particle. She merely kept on eating apples with alarming relish. Equally well remembered is William, her shepherd lover. He looked exactly as if he had stepped right out of one of Edwin Abbey's pictures of rural England. He said little, but the expression of his face when Audrey scorned him, or Touchstone intimidated him, was side-splitting. The parts were all well taken and the play furnished an evening of unusual pleasure. "As You Like It" is "Shakespeare's happiest comedy, most equable, least boisterous, richest in music heard in the enchanted forest of Arden." Its magic stole into the hearts of players and audience, and under the spell of the great master of literature all responded to his keen delight in nature's out-of-doors and to his rich interpretation of human nature.



ALUMNI

Young Women's Christian Association



President, Anna Kruse.
Vice-President, Grace Baird.
Secretary, Ethel Dullam.
Treasurer, Margaret Greenlee.

THE term, Young Women's Christian Association, stands for a distinct and concrete idea. It means young women associated together voluntarily having in mind a christian purpose—to stimulate an interest in evangelical religion among young women and to improve intellectually, socially and spiritually. The distinct purpose of the school organization here is to unite and organize the christian forces and influences of the school, to deepen the spiritual life of those students who already know Christ and thru them to win others. A broader purpose is to become interested in the christian life of other schools and in the conversion of students of other lands. That an organization with such purposes is essential to our school was recognized by the young women during the first year of the school's life, for the organization was made permanent in January, 1900. In the two years which have elapsed the Association has grown broader and stronger in many ways. Weekly devotional meetings have been held. Sometimes these were simply prayer-meetings; at other times helpful and interesting talks were given by different members of the faculty. These meetings were always well attended. The visits of the State Secretary, Miss Elizabeth Cole, were an inspiration to all. Attractive receptions were given from time to time. These social occasions were genuinely pleasing and interesting. One delegate was sent to the Lake Geneva Conference last year and four were sent to the Aurora State Convention in November.

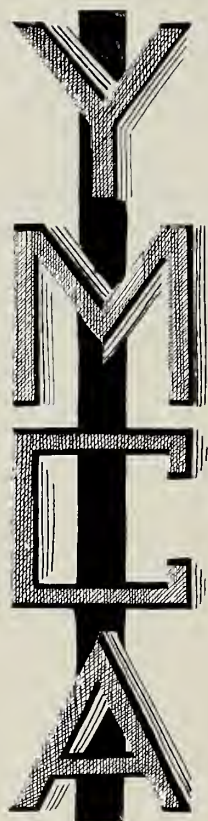
ANNA CATHARYN KRUSE.

Young Men's Christian Association



OFFICERS.

*President, Jim Murra.
Secretary and Treasurer, Walter Runnels.*



THE Young Men's Christian Association has not been very flourishing this year, yet we trust that an influence for good has gone out that will leave a lasting impression.

Meetings are usually held on Friday evenings. Monthly meetings have been held in union with the Young Women's Christian Association. The latter organization, being larger and being full of enthusiasm, has had a telling effect upon the Young Men's Christian Association.

During the winter term Mr. Charles gave a series of talks on evolution. These were especially interesting to the students, since they brought out the harmony between science and the Bible, proving that to be a scientist does not mean to be an atheist.

Members of the Faculty have frequently led our meetings, thus showing an interest in our spiritual welfare, as well as in our mental development.

Christian organizations in a school, although apparently insignificant, give an uplifting tone to the whole school.

NORTHERN ILLINOIS.

VOL. 3.

DE KALB, ILLINOIS, MARCH, 1902

NO. 6.

BIRDS IN SPRING.

Listen! What a sudden rustle
Fills the air;
All the birds are in a bustle
Everywhere
Such a ceaseless croon and twitter
Overhead;
Such a flash of wings that glitter
Wide outspread
Far away I hear a drumming
Tap! Tap! Tap!
Can the blue-specker be coming

sewing them together. "You will have this," she said to us one day, holding her work up admiringly, "when Grandma Stein is sleeping away over yonder," pointing with her shrivelled finger to the cemetery beyond.

During many of these visits she used to speak of "George," and we often wondered about him. We learned that he was her son and that at that time suffering could not rest a sad one.



J. E. ACKERT



F. L. CHARLES



ETHEL PHILLIPS

Board of Managers



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| ALBERT BRITTON | EDITH HEUMAN | |
| | HAL PUFFER | |
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| ELSIE WHEATON, Barbs |
| KATE BRUNDAGE, Exchanges |
| ALMA HAMILTON, Organizations |



But the Trail of the Goblins Was Over Them All



THE Normal students are a serious set. They toil all night till broad daylight, and never sleep a wink; they work all day, and have no pay but just to think and think. They march along, an endless throng, to school at early dawn; and e'en at night, by coal-oil light, the column still moves on.

You should have seen them on one particular night going to school after supper, carrying valises and bandboxes. This did

not seem strange, for the Normal students have so many queer things to transport that of course they must get them from place to place as best they can. Tall men have been known to go carrying little sprigs of pussy willow, and the pretty girls take saws and hatchets, stuffed squirrels and live snakes; and why should they not get these curious objects out of the way by tumbling them all into valises and boxes if they wish? But when they opened their bundles this time there were no snakes at all, no books, no squirrels, no pussy willows—just a lot of stuff with no apparent aim or reason. But it was Hallowe'en, and strange things always happen on Hallowe'en.

The students must have been dazed by what they saw; but true to their nature and training, they accepted the situation presently, fell into line, and adapted their plans to their environment—"let the punishment fit the crime," so to speak. The gymnasium was the scene of action. It was not many minutes until such a motley array as one rarely meets in these classic halls came trooping in. There were darkies. The school boasts none usually, but they were here that night, and in all their chocolate glory. The woolly pigtailed of the maidens stood out in true Topsey fashion; while the pompous old black preacher and the entirely irresistible ebony swell performed each his special function in life to perfection. The babies were there, eight or ten of them—dear little souls! They were all in long white dresses, and their sweet faces shone out from dainty white bonnets. They clung close to their nurse all the evening, and seemed very timid, but there were so many things to frighten children that it was not surprising. Even some of the grown-ups devoted no little time in keeping out of the way of a dreadful creature with a long white beard and grizzly gray hair. He might have been a hundred years old, and I think that most of his life had been spent in tormenting innocent people, he seemed so bent on doing it. And then there were the In-

dians—veritable little savages. There were four of them, and since they were only little girls not much could be expected of them, but their mothers must have known that they would make trouble if they came alone. It was a fine opportunity to study the Indian characteristics, however, and we ought to appreciate that. The complexion of the Indian, I noticed, is swarthy, with a high color on the cheeks; the hair is straight and black, and hangs in a mass over the shoulders. They wear short, red dresses, with many beads and showy ornaments. The Indian is very fleet of foot; he can be in several places almost at the same time. He is of a teasing disposition, and devotes his entire time to making life miserable for civilized people. He steals. He takes everything of yours that he can get his hands on, and then flaunts it in your face. These things have I learned.

There were wooden-shoe Dutchmen, too, and a Chinaman; there were Japs and Quakers; but all these last named were comparatively quiet, well-behaved people.

One most interesting thing was a gypsy tent, where you might learn anything you wanted to know. Here not only were the events of the past reviewed but the secrets of the future were revealed. Here were warnings for the wayward against the evils of their course, and sure guidance for the thoughtful to health, wealth and happiness.

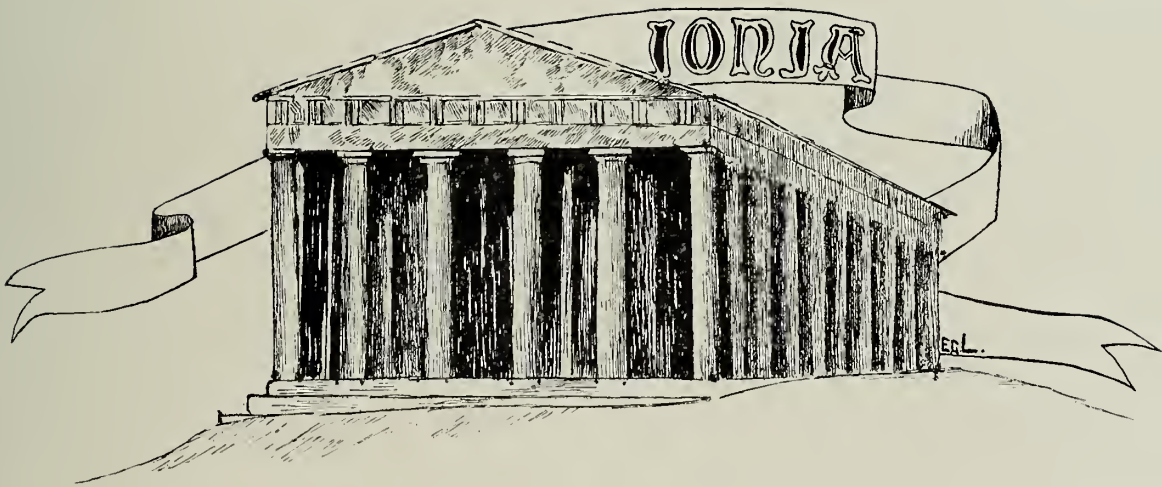
Canes could be bought for a penny, if you succeeded in collaring one with a ring; pop corn, trinkets of all sorts—all were to be had for a merely nominal price; and the pumpkin pie, doughnuts, apples and coffee flowed free for all.

It may have been the feasting that furnished the bond of sympathy—certainly something seemed to make these diverse specimens of humanity actually enjoy being together.





HALLOW E'EN.



Art Section



THIS section is known by its fruits in the shape of fine millinery, Indian basketry and other similar products.

Under the lead of Miss Emma F. Stratford, the Art Section met once in two weeks on Monday evenings, in the pleasant sitting room at Mr. Switzer's. The hour of meeting was from four to half-past five o'clock. The section numbered about thirty very industrious young women.

At the very first meeting work was begun. The ideal to be realized was a finely woven Indian basket of raffia. Each member planned the shape, size and decoration of her basket. Each basket was to be an expression of its maker's originality, ingenuity, dexterity and taste. A few of the baskets have been completed and are really works of art. Others will be finished this summer, still others will be framed later, in various stages of completion—souvenirs of happy hours spent, "When I was a member of the Art Section of 1901-1902."

Besides the baskets, the class learned how to make from raffia, table mats for hot dishes, drinking glass covers, picture frames, etc.

When spring was seen afar off, spring hats naturally became the topic of conversation. So skillful in handling raffia had the girls become that they no longer needed the help of milliners. They plaited four strands of raffia so skillfully and sewed the braids into such becoming and sensible shapes that the young women of the N. I. S. N. S. are likely to become distinguished on account of their raffia hats.

While the girls wrought, Miss Stratford, or some other member of the section, read magazine articles on the early pottery and basketry of the American Indians. During the last term the reading was along the line of school room decoration and use of pictures in the school room



Magazine Section



JUST imagine about thirty girls and twice as many sofa pillows, scattered about a room, some in chairs and many upon the floor. Some of the girls bring their darning, others work on sofa pillows, some are always busy at battenburg and some of our members are so far-sighted that they even bring napkins to hem. You now have an idea of how we look, but this is not primarily a sewing bee.

At each meeting we discuss something from some of the current magazines. We have pursued different methods during the year. Part of the time we divided the magazines into groups according to the subjects with which they deal; and discussed articles from a single group at each meeting. For a while each member reviewed an entire magazine and reported upon it, so that we might become acquainted with the different magazines. Recently part of the hour has been devoted to the reading of a serial in Scribner, "Captain Macklin's Memoirs," by Richard Harding Davis, while the rest of the time is spent in discussing some article of current news.

We appoint a chairman each term and she sees that someone reads the story, and selects the articles to be discussed, so you see we are quite systematic in our proceedings although we are so thoroughly informal. We really enjoy that hour from 6:30 to 7:30 on Tuesday evenings very much, and I think all of us look ahead to it as time to be well spent. We have an opportunity to get our mending done, we learn something of what is going on in the world and others' ideas about it, and for a little while we forget our algebra and psychology, thus each week we have at least one hour of profitable recreation and enjoyment.

Literary and Current News Section



THIS year the members of the literary and current news sections thought it best to unite forces and give the first ten minutes of every meeting to the discussion of current events. The remainder of the hour has been spent in pleasant and profitable reading of myth and romance.

In the fall term the Greek stories of the creation of the world, of the gods of heaven and the gods of the under-world were taken up. We became acquainted with Cronus, Jupiter, the Cyclopes, the hundred-handed Echa-toncheres and many other gods and goddesses. In connection with these myths, the literary treatment of such legends as Prometheus Unbound were enjoyed.

During the winter term we entered the fairyland of romance which is not far removed from the sober domain of history. We read of the Great Charles, of the daring deeds that Roland wrought with his good sword Durandal, of his friendship with Oliver, of the treacherous Ganelon and of the heroic death of Roland at the pass of Ranonces Valles.

Then in the closing term of the year we went to the gloomy home of Nibelheim to rescue the Rhinegold from the tyrant dwarf Alberich, helped Siegfried kill the dragon, passed through the circle of fire to awaken the sleeping Brunnhilde and at last finished with the beautiful myth and legends of our own dear land.

A Birthday Sentiment



As toward the sea the babbling brook
Sings softer, sweeter, and its look
Bespeaks its glad content,
So may the swift advancing years
Bring sweet content and peace, no tears
For joys departed.

But sometimes e'en the brook must flow
Between the banks where willows grow
And shadows darkly hover,
Further on, in sunshine's light,
It dances, playful, joyous, bright,
As though it knew no shadow.

So when the shadows darkly fall
And grief is full,—and duty's call
Is to thy soul a burden,
Think:—Just beyond the dark is light,
Beyond the willows, flowers bright,
Beyond? Yes, rest forever.



Musical Organizations



Normal Chorus.

Treble Clef.

Men's Quartette.

Normal-High Orchestra.

Mixed Quartette.

Treble Clef Society



SOPRANO

GRACE BRAINARD
EDITH ALLEN
ALICE GREEN
JEANNETTE NYMAN
MARY GARRETSON
ANNA KRUSE
EMILY BODENSCHATZ
ETHELYN BRAINARD

MEZZO

NELLIE MOMBLEAU
DAISY RICHARDSON
ALICE GARRETSON
ELSIE DAVIS
MARIAN LILLEY

ALTO

ANNA DUFFEY
MYRTLE HAHN
EDNA REED
ETHEL COULTAS
KATHARINE GRIFFITH





Male Quartette

ALBERT BRITTON
First Tenor

HAL PUFFER
Second Tenor

LOYD STETZLER
First Bass

DR. W. C. HILL
Second Bass



Mixed Quartette

ALICE GREEN
Soprano

J. E. ACKERT
Tenor

JOHN WILTSE
Bass

MYRTLE HAHN
Alto

Junior Class Program



Normal Auditorium.

June 16, 1902.

8:00 P. M.

Attendance 1500 (Estimated in advance.)

PART I.

This part of the program will introduce contemporaneous occurrences of general and private interest. An effort will be made to reproduce faithfully some of the local events—the continuous performances—with life-like realism.— By the Faithful.

PART II.

This part is to consist of three divisions; a recalling of certain images of the past, pleasing and present realities, and a prospective reference.

[NOTE—The Juniors are especially anxious that the Seniors spend considerable time in figuring out the content of the above program.]

Class Motto:—*Thfos Tfu.*

Senior Program

Class Night, June 17, 1902



PART I.

She Stoops to Conquer

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

| | |
|-------------------------------|------------------|
| Sir Charles Marlowe | C. H. Ferguson |
| Young Marlowe | Louis Sanford |
| Hardcastle | W. R. Mofet |
| Hastings | J. I. Frederick |
| Tony Lumpkins | Victor Kays |
| Diggory | Edward P. Malone |
| Landlord | E. F. Nichols |
| Mrs. Hardcastle | Elsie Nilson |
| Miss Hardcastle | Mildred Adams |
| Miss Neville | Jessica Eades |
| Maid | Kate Brundage |

PART II.

Rose Fête.

Commencement Week Program



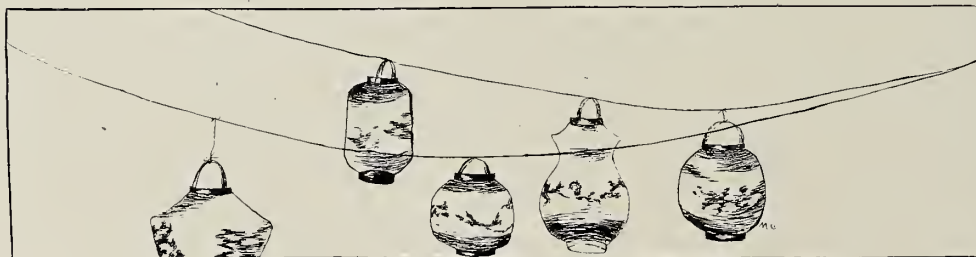
| | | | | |
|------------|----------|----------------|---|-----------------------|
| Sunday, | June 15, | 3:00 P. M. | . | Baccalaureate. |
| Monday, | " | 16, 7:30 P. M. | . | Junior Class Night. |
| Tuesday, | " | 17, 7:30 P. M. | . | Senior Class Night. |
| Wednesday, | " | 18, 2:00 P. M. | . | Gymnasium Class. |
| Wednesday, | " | 18, 3:00 P. M. | . | Alumni. |
| Wednesday, | " | 18, 8:00 P. M. | . | Lecture, Dr. College. |
| Thursday, | " | 19, 9:00 A. M. | . | Commencement. |
| Thursday, | " | 19, 8:00 P. M. | . | Reception. |



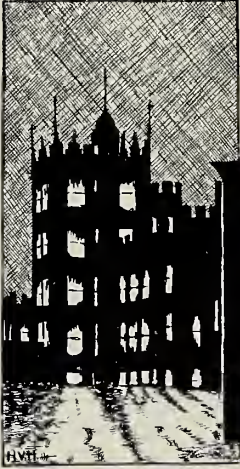
An Idle fancy



HAT an interesting Aid Society the contents of a student's waste basket would make if they could talk. The peanut shucks in the bottom would make the lead pencil whittlings green with envy by hinting about the things they saw and heard when the girls had their Friday night frolic, and the lead pencil whittlings could boast of a kinship to the autocrat of the study table until every nose in the basket would turn up scornfully and assume an indifference to blue blood, and it would be clear that in the realm of the waste basket as in another realm, does the nose belie the heart. The arithmetic scratch papers would put on the role of the new woman and talk of stocks and bonds, while the unaccepted maps would boast of the sights they saw on Piccadilly or in the Orient. A bit of raffia would quarrel with the scrap of darning cotton as to their respective rights to the student's needle, and the scraps of a letter which was never sent would discuss the why, the whence, and the wherefore. And they would all laugh and chatter and gossip and say what they did not mean and mean what nothing could ever persuade them to say, until a reckless match would bring a calamity upon them which would adjourn the meeting forever.



A
New Year's
Carol.



NEW YEAR'S is a humbug! Holidays in general are a nuisance. What different is January first from June first or any other first day of any other month? All this talk about resolutions is well enough, for resolutions must be made and might as well be made on January first as on any other day; but this matter of special celebrations for no other reason than that it is the first day of the year is sheer nonsense."

The above soliloquy took place in Dr. Cook's office on the last afternoon of the year nineteen hundred one. The author was Dr. Cook himself. He did not often indulge in reverie. And this one seemed to be resulting in an inhibition of his usually social nature, which he felt, as you will see, by his next remark.

"I do not feel like myself," he said under his breath, as he moved uneasily in his chair. "Am I myself?" he said aloud. "No, I'm Scrooge! Normal Scrooge," was the answer that flashed through his mind. Is it any wonder that he thought of Scrooge? Was he not exercising his authority against the holiday spirit? Had not the family circle in many a home been incomplete because of his oft repeated statement, "There will be school as usual on January first. Prove your loyalty to yourself and the school by showing that you can be counted on to stand by."

He did not choose to follow the cue, which this vague feeling presented to his mind, through the process of isolating and combining, for the reason that his intuitive judgment told him that the result would not be satisfactory. Furthermore, he was far too busy a man to spend many minutes in pondering over a matter once settled in his own mind. He must be pushing ahead. He must provide a legitimate channel for the discharge of nervous energy. He must be active. All with whom he had dealing must be active. He must keep them squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching and coveting the contents of certain books that they might later on in the course meet and conquer Rosenkranz. He knew. They must be made to know. He was self-contained. They must become so.

The spirit of energy rejuvenated his features, developed his chin, limbered his gait, made his eyes twinkle and his lips full and rosy. It spoke out business-like in his rich, deep voice. This spirit was felt. He carried it always with him. It permeated his office in dog-days and not one degree of it was lost at New Year's time.

He was not affected by the weather. External heat and cold had little influence upon him. No warmth could be too warm, no wintry cold too chill for him to keep an appointment. This had been so from his earliest years. No wind that blew was more searching than he; no falling snow was more intent

upon its mission, no pelting rain less open to entreaty, if you tried to keep him from his purpose. Foul weather did not know where to have him, for he would overcome every obstacle it interposed.

Through this strong personality he had drawn from among his acquaintances a host of friends and admirers; the young as well as the old, the rich as well as the poor, people with influence and people with none. Everybody loved him who knew him and he was often hailed upon the street with, "My dear Cook, how are you? When are you coming to see us?" If he went to the home of a particular friend he most enjoyed the familiar greeting of boyhood days. The warm hand grasp accompanied with, "Well, Old Boy, I am glad to see you," or, "How are you, Old Chap, walk right in."

There was one day in every year, however, when the friends of Dr. Cook passed him silently, eyeing him askance, for they recognized a change in him. They saw Dr. Cook, but they thought Scrooge. This was probably the result of his own feelings. He had felt the Scrooge influence, from his line of reasoning concerning holidays, until it had stamped him as Scrooge. It is almost needless to say that this change was felt and noticed just before New Year's Day. No student then approached him willingly to seek information, on any topic, from his well-stored brain. But this did not trouble him. He did not care. He rather liked it, else it would not have been so.

Once upon a time—of all the good times in the year, on New Year's Eve—Dr. Cook sat busy in his office. As was stated at the beginning, he was indulging in a reverie. It was cold, biting weather; he could hear the students on the campus beating their hands upon their breasts and stamping their feet upon the board walk to keep them warm. The last electric bell had sounded the seventh hour, but it was quite dark—it had not been light all day—the lights were turned on throughout the building. The door of his office was open. In the room beyond, the clerk, as energetic as himself, was busy copying letters. She was naturally of a cheerful and vivacious temperament, but the gloom without and the gloom within had damped the spirit of her jollity. She worked on in silence not noticing that Dr. Cook had ceased to ponder over the subjects to be discussed at the next Faculty meeting.

Just as he was about to resume his duties he was addressed by a Senior Student, who had come upon him so quietly that the first intimation that he had of his presence was his joyous greeting.

"Happy New Year, Dr. Cook! Happy New Year!"

"Bah!" said Dr. Cook. "Humbug!"

"New Year's a humbug, doctor? You do not mean that I am sure," said the student.

"I do," said he. "Out upon Happy New Year! What's a Happy New Year to you but a time for finding yourself a year older and not an hour wiser. A time for reviewing your lessons and finding them all but forgotten. Everybody

who goes about with 'Happy New Year' on his lips represents the double distilled essence of idiocy."

"Doctor," pleaded the Senior Student.

"Well?" returned the Doctor.

"You know there are students here who cannot go home to meet relatives and friends who assemble on New Year's Day for the purpose of renewing the ties of friendship by social intercourse; and there are others who were at home for the holidays who would have been present for these reunions had it not been for their loyalty to you and the school, and their desire to prove that temptation could be overcome and they could be counted upon to 'stand by.' Are these to have no part in keeping New Year's Day?"

"Much good has it ever done those who do keep it."

"Well, I have always looked upon the day as one set apart for a joyous, happy time, and though it may never have added to my knowledge of Psychology or helped me to pass an examination, I believe it has done me good and I say, 'God bless it.'"

The clerk in the dim room, who could not help hearing, involuntarily applauded.

At this unexpected support of the Senior Student the Doctor lowered his glasses, peered over the tops of them, elevated his chin, pursed his lips, and looked a disapproval which could not have been expressed in words.

The clerk subsided, apparently, and resumed her usually attentive attitude to business, but had not changed her opinion of the situation in the least.

Turning to the Senior Student the Doctor said, "You are quite a powerful speaker, sir. I wonder that you do not join the Oratorical Association."

"Do not be angry with me, Doctor."

"Good afternoon."

"Those whom I represent will feel disappointed that I bring no suggestion from you as to a suitable way of celebrating the holiday."

"Good afternoon."

"A Happy New Year!"

"Good afternoon."

As the Senior left the room a Junior and a Freshman entered. They carried books and papers in their hands. They bowed in a respectful manner and the Junior addressed him, "Dr. Cook, may we speak with you?"

The effect of his reverie and the interview with the Senior Student yet fresh in his mind prompted an answer wholly unlike him and quite unexpected to the Junior.

"Dr. Cook is never here on New Year's Eve. I represent him."

"We have no doubt the Doctor's genial spirit is well represented by you," replied the surprised though plucky Junior.

The Doctor frowned and shook his head by way of reply.

The Junior, rather doubtful of the outcome, proceeded with the business which had brought him to the president's office.

"At this festive season of the year," he said, as he walked to the desk and picked up a pen, "it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for a school celebration, as by yielding obedience to your authority we are unable to celebrate at home. A good time is one of the common necessities of life, and is what many of us are in need of, sir."

"Are there not lessons to master? Can you find no pleasure in the thought that each day's work better fits you to become a social being?"

"We admit that there is a degree of pleasurable feeling in the process of developing from an egoistic to a social being, but this feeling does not cover our idea of a good time."

"Are there no themes to write?" said the Doctor, turning to the Freshman.

"There are, sir. I wish we could say there were not."

"Are there no new facts to be acquired in Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene? Has the supply of amphibians run low so that you do not have opportunity for dissecting and recording observations? Are there no microscopic organisms with which to entertain and at the same time instruct you? Has the Laboratory run short of material for lessons?"

"No, indeed, sir, there is always enough material there—more than we know what to do with."

"Oh, then it must be that there is a lack of the spirit of investigation in the department of physics. You may not have had to perform a sufficient number of experiments or the same experiment a sufficient number of times."

"That is not the trouble, sir. Physics, Mathematics, Psychology, Sociology, Biology, Civics, Ancient and Modern History, the Languages and others have filled our time so completely as to crowd out all thought of levity. Now we are seeking your approval of, and suggestions for, a suitable celebration of New Year's Day."

"I should not infer from what I have observed that your work had been permitted to seriously interfere with your recreation," said the Doctor. An uninterrupted silence of several minutes followed this remark.

The Junior and the Freshman felt that this silence, which they could not break, was equivalent to a verbal dismissal. They felt, too, from the Doctor's manner, that it would be useless to press the matter further, even if they had not exhausted their resources. The Freshman felt relieved when the Junior decided that the interview was at an end, and they left the office together, dreading to meet those who awaited them below.

"What did he say?" said one.

"What are we going to do?" said another.

"No satisfaction." "Same old story," said the Junior and Freshman together.

"Cut it short, did he?"

"Well, there are more ways than one to mill," said another, as they all moved on down the hill. The Doctor, finding himself alone at last, turned his attention to his work. He had just settled down to business when he heard a voice in clear, ringing tones singing:

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky!

The year is dying. Let him die."

He stepped to the door; felt in his pocket for his note-book, and said, "Another evidence of the non-social spirit." "Halls are passageways and not auditoriums or music halls," he wrote in the book. The entry above this was: "Dirt is matter out of place." And on the opposite page: "Leave your footprints on the sands of time if you can, but not on the floors of the halls of N. I. S. N. S."

He now stepped to his desk, closed and locked it, and said to the clerk: "There is considerable work to be done to-morrow."

The clerk joined a party of ladies who had just left the library and they all left the building together. The Doctor soon arrived at the brick mansion with its

massive white pillars standing out against the red background. He hastily mounted the steps, applied his key to the latch, but hesitated before turning it. "Why am I here?" he thought. "I'm Scrooge, not Cook. This is the home of my former self." Just at this point his attention was arrested by what appeared to be an apparition which faced him from the plate glass in the door. "Pooh! finger marks," he said. But look as carefully as he would, the apparition did not change. It was the face of John W. Cook, genial, warm-hearted kindness reflected from every feature.

"Am I Cook or am I Scrooge?" he said, as he removed his rubbers. "I feel lost as to my identity."

Pondering over the peculiar experiences of the past hour, he entered the house and prepared for a busy evening. He removed his coat, put on dressing gown and slippers and seated himself before the glowing grate for a few moments' rest. He took up a volume from the table, one of the many which he had read in spare time. He did not open the book at once, but began an analysis of the difference between the sensation of heat and the emotion produced by it.

Something in subconsciousness prevented clear thinking. What could it be? The apparition seen in the glass. Cook! John W. Cook. Round face, brown eyes, tawny mustache, scant hair, eye-glasses, short coat, portly manner—Cook from head to toe. But stay! He was transparent in the region of the head. He could see through the skull to the wall behind him. He could see bundle upon bundle of psychological facts ticketed and labeled "Sully's Definitions," "What Dewey Says," "Cook's Own Ideas," "Sociology Group," and scores of others. "My Views on Holidays" was apart from the others, but stood out conspicuously. Seeing Cook before him, he could come to no other conclusion than that he was Scrooge or that in some way they were exchanging places momentarily.

"How like myself you look—that is, when I am at my best."

The effect of this sentence was to restore him to himself, and Scrooge stood before him.

"Man of the scholastic mind, do you believe in me or not?" asked the apparition.

"I doubt my senses."

"Why?" continued the apparition.

"Because a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef."

"I am not. I am the spirit of Remorse. I am here to-night to warn you——"

"Do not say it. I know what about."

"I suffer most at this holiday season, and I have come to save you from——"

Ting-a-ling-a-ling went the telephone bell.

Doctor Cook arose to respond, but did not remove his eyes from the apparition. The apparition knew now that there was no further need of his presence, and vanished before the eyes of the Doctor. The telephone would finish his work.

Feeling like one in a maze, he placed the receiver to his ear. A perfect babel of voices was to be heard. He recognized them as familiar. They were the students in the various clubs eagerly discussing plans for the following day and evening. He heard his own name frequently. From the central he heard, "Call up again, please. Line's in use." He could hear Mr. Gilbert making an

effort to talk with him, but it was of no use. Just as he was about to leave the 'phone he heard:

"Oh, yes, we'll get our lessons for to-morrow."

"We'll have them fine and dandy, won't we?"

"Lessons on New Year's Day! How ridiculous!"

"Oh, yes! Scrooge says we must."

"Who is he? I thought your president's name was Cook."

"That's where you are mistaken. His name is Scrooge at holiday time."

"'New Year's Day' no different from March first, February first or any other first day of the month,' is one of his favorite speeches."

Vexed at being obliged to wait so long to get communication with Mr. Gilbert because of this light, unnecessary and not altogether complimentary conversation, he called, "Hello!" rather sharply and awoke.

"Well," he said, "only a dream, after all! I am, indeed, myself. It is too late to make my plans for to-morrow much different, but Scrooge will have no occasion to visit me, even in my dreams, next year."

ADDIE L. McLEAN.



As We See It



SELDOM is found a campus so rich as ours in natural beauty and interest. True, here are no sparkling fountains and carefully tended flower-beds; no beautiful velvety stretches of green with sign boards reading, "Please keep off the grass." Only in imagination can we hear the carriages crunching their way over the long well-graveled drives. The trees are not set out in well-arranged groups or rows; the little hills have not been leveled down or the little ditches filled in. But every crook and corner just as it is, is dear to our hearts. Every tree with its beautiful foliage or bare purple limbs, speaks of adaptations or the mysteries of leaf coloration. Not a single saucy weed, not a blade of grass, not a plant or willow but has its own wonderful tale to tell if you will but look and listen. The blue-eyed violets, yellow buttercups, spring beauties and trillium nod and smile at us as we roam through the fragrant grass on golden afternoons.

"And hovering near them, 'Chee, chee, chink?'

Queries the curious bobolink,

Pausing and peering with sidelong head.

Saucily questioning all that is said."

The gentle undulations of land with its varied soil, speak of the time when this region was clothed with garments from the northern ice-cap. That dirty looking pond and the narrow winding river are the safe homes of tadpoles, frogs and myriads of insects that hum and buzz and croak and sing until the restless longing spirit is quieted.

MINNIE H. POHL.



“ A MISTY MORNING ”

Sonnet to a Lady



THY gray eyes sweetness, thy tranquil brow,
And the dark glory of thy wondrous hair,
Curled round thy forehead and parted there,
To crown thee, dear—I know not how.
I only ask to sit here at thy feet,
To look with longing on thy peaceful cheek,
To listen, if thou should'st deign to speak,
To hoard thy words until again we meet.
Thy youth, thy grace, thy loveliness,
Thy spirit tuned to high and pure intent
Gives to my thoughts a more divine content,
And fills my heart with love's true happiness.
How good, how true, how wonderful must be
The soul that gleams from out thy life to me.

ELIZABETH LYONS.

Retribution



IT WAS night in a mystic world. The shadowy form of a lone Student moved mysteriously about a house which was occupied by a band of hard-working, long-suffering Normal School teachers, who were engaged in doing the tasks set for them by the mystic Student. As the night wore on, that kind but unrelenting taskmaster, whose memory retained all the experiences which had been his in these days of servitude before the tables were turned, passed from room to room examining completed work, assigning new tasks and recording his conscientious conclusions in his ponderous book of grades.

Mysteriously, his shadowy form x-rayed a door and he viewed a room where, in the midst of a confused, though complete, assortment of geography helps, such as a pot of paste, a pail of sand, tin pans and railroad guides, a little woman, seated upon a stack of National Geographical magazines, was diligently refining paper pulp with one hand while with the other she drew a map of Europe with her eyes shut. The Student-in-Charge pushed a blue-pencil check through the keyhole and turned to the opposite door.

The piece of paper which he slipped under this door bore the message, "Prove that AK and OBC are equal, isosceles, and tangent." The poor teacher within was just opening a letter from home when she saw the new assignment. Submissively, she laid it aside, saying in her hopeful way, "Probably I shall have time to read it Sunday."

The Student next assigned a history lesson thus: "Read the ten volumes on the Slavery question which I have placed on the reserve shelf. Take time to absorb and reflect." A despairing groan disturbed the uncanny stillness of the night and had it not been true that the professor of history was one of the most optimistic of men he would not have been able to smile again before morning.

In the apartment of the professor of biology, good work was being done. A sweet-faced girl, with her sleeves rolled high and a knife in her hand was just about to prove a scientific fact to the doubting professor, by dissecting a frog. The professor was indeed trying to feel equal to the occasion but he could not shut out of his mind the thoughts of the once happy frog family on the banks of

the Kishwaukee, of the poor little motherless froggies left out in the cold and the rain, and he became so wrought up by brooding over the solemn tragedy of it all that at sight of the blood his courage failed, he turned ghastly pale, sank to the floor, and begged piteously to be carried from the room. The Student-in-Charge immediately raised the girl's salary and left word for the professor to "call at the office."

From an adjoining room came the voices of two room-mates strangely mingling "Julius Cæsar" and "Little Tin Soldier." Those two teachers had originated a plan for solving the problem of how to find time for the third, fourth, and fifth oral readings of each of the Shakespearean plays, and for unlimited voice culture. But much as they would have liked to give the world the benefit of the discovery they dared not make it known for they feared the disapproval of the Student-in-Charge. But the plan worked so well that even his exact ear was thoroughly deceived and he never knew that both the reader and the singer were at that very moment fast asleep. It is hoped that they proved to be public-spirited enough to reveal the secret even at the cost of being graded below seventy.

Unknown to the ever watchful Student, two teachers were talking together in the hall. Anxiety and distress were stamped all over their faces while they discussed their troubles. For several nights each of them had been disturbed by horrible dreams and both of them were growing pale and thin because of dreams by night and remembrance of those dreams by day. She told of a weird, goblin-eyed drawing pencil which had insisted on telling her fortune, and of kneaded rubber erasers with great big claws which had compelled her to eat paint, ink and brushes all night long. Her friend in misery told that he had dreamed of sulphurous fumes which always followed him and threatened to choke him if it took all summer, and that an iron chain made out of weather books had locked him in his laboratory and left him to the mercy of a regiment of air-pumps in the guise of Filipino warriors who drank up all the air in the building. The only peaceful moments these teachers ever had, so they said, were when they had so much work to do that it crowded out the thoughts of their dreams and they alone of all the teachers sighed for harder work and more of it.

The determined heart of the Student was touched by the next sight which he witnessed. In a large arm-chair sat two despairing women, each trying to comfort the other. Between their sobs they spoke, one in German, the other in Latin, and reiterated the disconsolate phrase "which only means, I shall never

pass." "Such is most excellent mental discipline," said the Student-in-Charge, as he went on to tell the arithmetic teacher that he must complete the last half of the book in the next three days. Already it was nearing morning. For three hours that teacher had sat with his elbows resting on the table, his head, in his hands, his chin in his collar, his fingers in his ears, his eyes riveted on his problem, and his mind concentrated on a 1.0243621 which he had found in his answer book. At thought of a new assignment his nervous system collapsed and he did what scores of others have done under like circumstances—he dropped his head upon his study-table and slept, and in sleep he found relief, for he dreamed a dream that gave him the solution to his problem.

The Student had yet to see how she who had been directed to write a theme was progressing. About her room were many fragments of paragraphs which, though born gloriously, refused to mature. Thoughts about the enormous bills she had paid for theme paper which only went into the waste-basket, crowded out all other thoughts and she would sadly throw another infant production into the waste-basket, take a long breath, and make a fresh start. But the Student felt encouraged when he noticed how heroically she chewed her pencil and with what a fixed expression she gazed out into that world from whence fine phrases come.

The Student's duties were almost done and he went to the last room where two scholarly professors, who had delved deeply into the sciences of mind and of matter and who never wearied in pondering over mental mysteries, worked together, or rather, used to work together, for he found the room empty, except for a bit of paper on which was written: "That psychology is beyond mortal comprehension. After eleven hours of hard study on it we packed our trunks and determined to take the first train home." Probably the Student-in-Charge had never heard about the last straw that broke the camel's back. He then rang the sunrise bell, a signal for the teachers to retire, and went at once to his study to add a chapter to his pedagogical treatise on "The Development of Integrity and the Necessity of Strenuous Labor."

Lake Michigan



IT HAS many moods, this beautiful, treacherous lake. At one time it is as peaceful and blue as the peaceful blue sky above it, lapping its waters against the shore in gentle little laps. Frail row-boats glide over its surface all unmindful of the storms that have been or that may be; children wade in up to their waists, throwing stones to see the ripples, little dreaming that this smooth sheet of water can be other than beautiful. Strollers along the shore enjoy the varied colors on its shimmering surface, and the graceful sail-boats outlined against the sky. But there comes a day when it has a frown as dark as the black clouds hovering near the horizon. Higher and higher it piles its waves as if to dash these intruders in pieces, and failing, turns in fury to the shore, as though to tear the very earth in spite. Then again, on a bright day, clear across its surface white crested waves chase each other in merry race to the water's edge, where they dash pell-mell, head over heels, and finally fall back in the water exhausted. Some days grim Winter puts a stop to all its anger, all its boisterous play, and holds it in his icy grasp. Great piles of ice skirt the shore, and beyond these, almost as far as the eye can see, stretches a sheet of ice. Nothing is heard but a dull, distant rumble, like the muffled roar of a caged lion. Thus it chafes at its confinement; but it cannot escape—not until the south wind blows, and the sun has a warmer kiss.

ELEANOR TROXELL.



A Newe Prologe



HEERE BIGYNNETH A BOOK THAT WOL SOMTYME SET FORTH THE
PILGRYMAGE OF THE PILGRYMS TO THE SHRINE OF
KNOWLEDGE.

WHEN twelve September days hadde flowen away,
Than many pilgryms fro sondry londes they say,
To goon upon a distant pilgrymage,
To the Shrine of Knowledge cam with ful corage,
To ben our guides thurgh al the strange viage,
And lead us up the rocky steeps to knowledge,
Ther was a grande and noble facultee;
With your consente I tellen wol of three.
I'll spak of what array that they were inne,
And at the grettest wol I first bygynne.

The Presidente ther vas a manly manne,
That fro' the tyme hise glynt of life biganne,
He loved best both inne himself and you,
Trouthe and honour, manhood and eek vertue.
A lord he was ful fat and dignified,
Wel coude he walk; he bore himself with pride,
Hise heed was balled and shoon as any glas,
Hise face was kinde and fresh as is the grass,
Hise eyen grey and gentle to beholde,
If Rosenkranz on Monday coude he tolde.
Wel coude he sing and pleyen gude by rote,
And sikerly he hadde a faire note.
And tho' he kindly was and vertuous,
He was to erring oones not despituous.
Ne of his speche dangerous ne digne
But nise he was, discreet and eek benigne.
To drawen folk to manhood by fairnesse,

By gude ensample, this was his bisynesse.
That mooche he tellen of trouthe we don't denye,
The beste of al he says is this, "Stand bye."

Ther was also a faire Instructoresses,
Did techen wel inne the N. I. S. N. S.
Inne Latin, Greeke and the other speche,
And gladly did she lerne and gladly teche.
Of hir smylinge she was ful symple and sweete,
Hir gretteste ooth was but langage deynte.
Ful wel she spak in tunes true and clere,
It peyned hir to see countrefete chere.
Benigne she was and wonder diligent
Eek in adversitee ful pacient;
And semely hir dress was ful fetys,
Hir eyen greye; hir nose tretys.
Hir mouth ful small and thereto softe and reed,
She had also a faire and brood forheed.
Hir thoughts to something gude were always given;
Of such as she are they who dwell in heven.

A Janitore ther was called "Dr. Shoop,"
Of such a holp as oon coude never hoope
Upon a pilgrymage, or inne any waye
To know as he, that bright September daye.
The sight of hym was glorious for to see—
Ful pompous and ful lordly as coude be.
Hise size was greet, his bodie hard and stronge,
Hise shuldres brood, hise armes rounde and stronge.
His curlie heer was shorte, and smoothe behinde,
And as a ravene's fethere, black did shine.
Hise nose was gude, his eyen a deep blue,
Hise lippes ful rounde, his beerde a reddish hue.
A baskette inne hise right hand hadde he,
And inne hise left ful semely for to see

He hadde a cloth, both fresh and wel smellynge,
To ketch a speck that might be flickerynge.
Of dust within the roomes was not a trace;
Ful wel he knew " 'twas matter out of place."

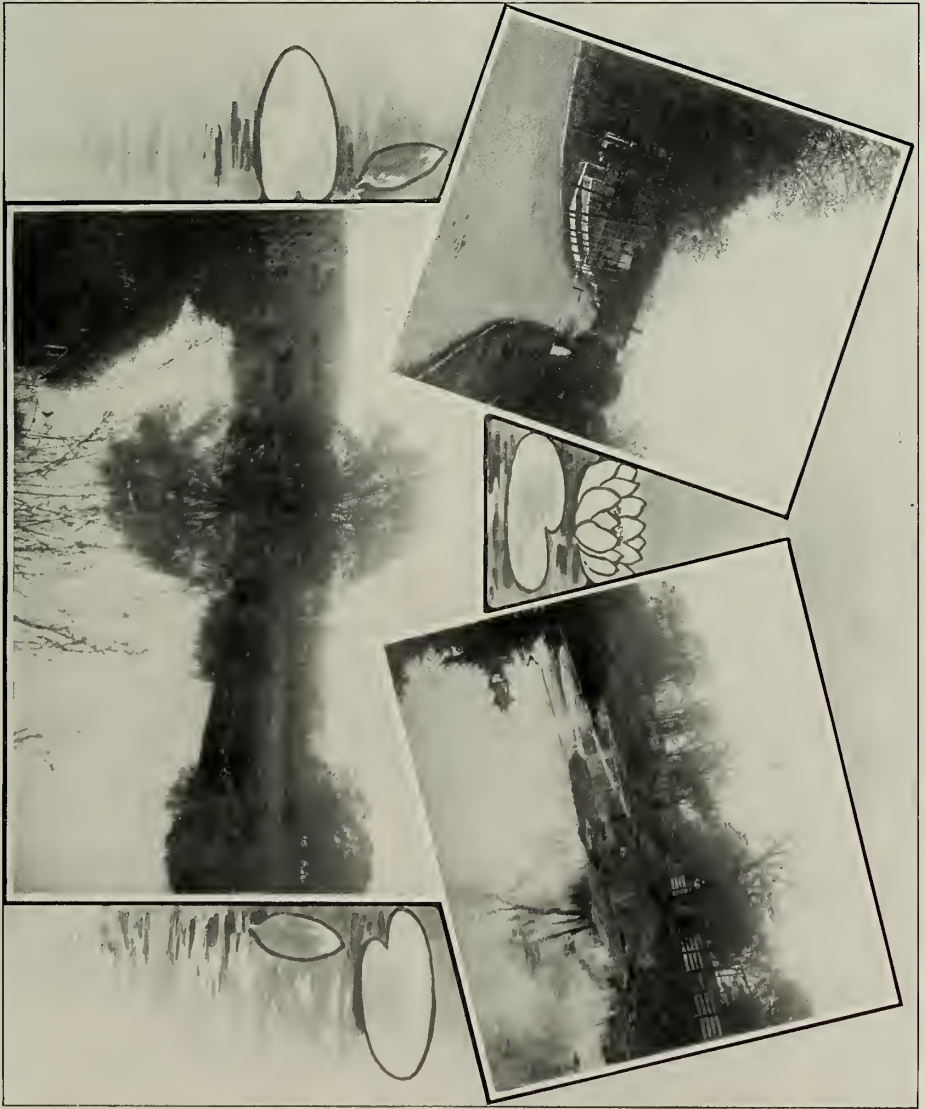
ELIZABETH LYONS.

*Heere endith the prologe by this pilgrym; and heere foloweth another purtreit
which is by another pilgrym.*

There was also a Prof a lerned man,
That fro the tyme that he first began
To techen out, he loved best science.
Of fishes wolde he teche, and eek of snakes,
That verra moche adrad the maydes wolde make.
Ful ofte tyme he hadde the toasts bigonne,
Whan that the school some victory hadde wonne.
In basket-ball, he pleyed, no man better,
For all the reules he knewe to a letter.
Of heere black his heed was almost bare,
And fro Nature was he nat ever farre.
Nowher so bisy a man as he ther was,
And yet he semed bisier than he was.
He coude verses make and wel eudite,
And wel coude he purtreie and better write.
He was a gude felawe and of greet worthynesse,
But of what yeer of age, I cannot gesse.

EDITH HEUMAN.







MISS BELLE SHAW, our dear teacher way back in '76, was going away—ever so far away—to Philadelphia, my mother said, to attend the Exposition. To us of the valiant third grade this news was crushing, for was not Miss Shaw the dearest, best, and jolliest teacher that ever lived? We thought so then, and the wise years have not changed that childish judgment, for in regard to things of our youth, habit is stronger than our later wisdom. Yes, the Exposition was a great thing, and to us its success depended largely upon Miss Shaw's presence. I have never learned just what she did to make the thing a success, but I then thought her part was more important than even that of the President of the United States.

Miss Shaw had been good to us, and so we must be good to her. We should certainly remember her "to our dying day," and it never occurred to us that we might not be quite so necessary to her happiness as she was to ours. So when we crowded upon the stile at recess to discuss the situation, it required but the bare suggestion of it to convince everyone of us that the only proper thing was for us to "give a surprise party on Miss Shaw." Many years later, as an ardent lover myself, I came to appreciate that this was on Miss Shaw in more ways than one, and to sympathize with the feelings of that tall, handsome young man who left soon after we arrived and to whom Miss Shaw, after a long silence in the hall, said, "Goodnight, George!"

We felt, as I have intimated, that this party was the unanimous will of the third grade; and since this was true, we must go as a grade—go all at once to make the surprise more intense. And therefore we must meet at some centrally located house at seven o'clock and march to Miss Shaw's so that all the people on the "Square" should know that an event of more than ordinary importance was occurring. This plan almost kept me from the party. Our house was not

"centrally located," except with respect to the forty-acre field on which it stood in lonely—if not majestic, isolation. Going to parties had not yet become habitual with me, nor was it a matter of frequent occurrence among my elder brothers and sisters. Indeed, my going was distinctly an event of great importance to the entire family. My father and brothers gave me no end of good advice which I neither understood nor appreciated. My sisters begged to know who my "company" was to be. My mother insisted that my copper-toed boots should have a better polish than on Sundays; that no trace of dust should be upon my clothes; that my hair must be plastered down tight to my head after the fashion of the times; that my best pocket handkerchief should be ready in case of any emergency; and finally, that my tie should be arranged "just so." Inwardly, I was all in a flutter, for I kept thinking of what I should say to that divinity by whose side I was to walk to the party, and whom, after the party was over, I was to escort home alone—I was actually to go up to the door of that mansion which was said to be "the finest house in town"—with her, the envy of all the girls, the day-star of the boys—the fair Ione, the Mayor's daughter.

You can understand now why, upon hearing, just as I left my entire family standing in the doorway, and mother's voice above the rest telling me to be home at nine o'clock—you can understand, I say, why upon hearing the town clock strike the first stroke of seven, my gait changed from a walk into a run. It was half a mile to that "centrally located" house, and it was just time for the procession to move. Would they wait for me? And what would Ione think of me? There was no room in my bewildered mind for other thoughts. I ran as I never ran before. My foot tripped—I fell headlong. A dingy street lamp afforded enough light for me to discover that the polish on my boots was hopelessly ruined, and the sense of touch told me that the muddy water which I felt on my arm had probably also left its mark upon my first cuffs. There was no time to think—I must reach that "centrally located" place as soon as possible.

Of course, they and Ione, too, had gone before I reached the place, and then began the chase. I found the trail, and overtook the party just before they reached Miss Shaw's home. Ione dropped back and in a very few words I told her all that she had not seen at the first glance. She took one hand in hers and simply said, "I'm glad you came."

Then we were ushered in; or better, we piled in. Miss Shaw was "so surprised"; Mrs. Shaw came in from the kitchen with her checked gingham apron on, and was "so glad" to see us. George, too, looked surprised, but didn't say anything.

After George left, the real fun began. We hadn't counted on him, and didn't feel that he appreciated us. There were good, old-fashioned games, drop the handkerchief, spin the platter, Miller Boy—although some of us never grasped the internal structure of the game—forfeits and other things that have faded from memory, while yet, thank God! the feelings they aroused are still undimmed.

Whenever we made a mistake we had to deposit a forfeit, and later redeem it. My best pocket handkerchief was needed as was also the white-handled knife which I had won as a prize for learning the multiplication table through the twelves, and all the other things my boy's pockets held were forfeited. I rather liked the various forms of redemption and so, perhaps, made some mistakes that were inexcusable. That "Heavy, heavy, hangs over your head" was always "superfine" for me, except when I had to "thread the needle" with Maggie Schofield. There were compensations, however, for to redeem my pocket-knife I had to "pick fifteen cherries and measure off ten yards of cloth" with Lone. This is, peradventure, one reason why I, at the age of twelve," cried and would not be comforted" when that knife was lost. We measured off the cloth first—such short yards they were—and we lost the count—not cheating ourselves, oh, no! nor cheating anyone else either.

We then mounted the table and began to pick those "superfine" cherries. Such cherries never grew on trees—not even in California. They grow only on lips which have in them a love that is deeper than life itself. But how strange in life is the mixture of the bitter and the sweet. As we were picking that ninth cherry, the door opened suddenly and the Mayor himself, immaculate in dress and toying his mustache, appeared. And just as it seemed to me that I could spring upon him and tear him to pieces, he said, "Little daughter, I have come to take you home."

I do not know how I reached the floor, or found my hat, or said good-night to Miss Shaw; but I'm sure all these things, if done at all, were done quickly, for I was anxious to go home. I saw a light and knew that mother was waiting for me. Again my best pocket handkerchief came into play—this time to brush away the tears that had come with anger. I made excuse that I was tired and went at once, without kissing mother, to my room. As I was sobbing to myself, I heard a step. Mother entered, tucked the cover around my neck, whispered a little prayer, kissed my forehead, and stole away. But it was not until after the town-clock struck twelve that my sobbing died away in sleep.

Leaves from A Nature Diary

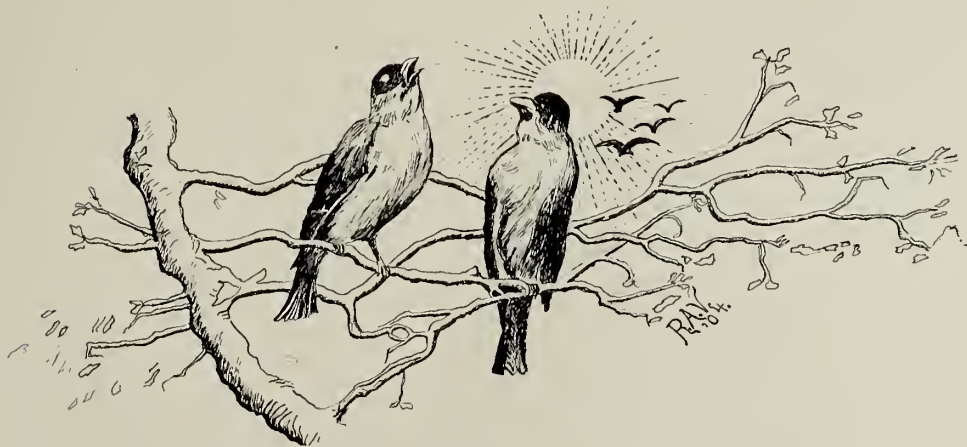


WED. Mar. 5.—Spring is coming. Every time that I go to the door to-day I hear a lazy cut-cut-ca-da-cut, which seems to come from the very depths of an old hen's toes and, rising cautiously, then stronger, bolder, at last escapes from her throat and is carried away by the south wind. And then, too, I have heard that far-resounding, beating sound which tells me very plainly that some thrifty housewife is cleaning a carpet. I think I smell the dust. Through my open doorway, as I write, comes another sign of spring—the smoky air from a bonfire. I shall look for the ragman to-morrow.

THURS. Mar. 6.—Another sign of spring. We had horseradish for dinner. What could be better for that tired feeling? The school children have caught the spirit of spring. They spent the noon-hour on the campus to-day. A few of them were imaginative enough even to enjoy lying on the ground.

FRI. Mar. 7.—Spring is here. A robin told me so. As I was taking my morning walk he called to me from an oak tree across the creek. My! but wasn't I glad to see him.

SAT. Mar. 8.—Right in my path to-day I found a twig of pussy-willows—real, true pussy-willows—that some wasteful little boy, no doubt, had picked and thrown away. But it was enough to arouse my wildest longings. O be gone, ye dull Arithmetic and prosy Grammar. Go sit upon your shelf and trouble me no more. I must go down the creek where the pussy-willows grow and where the brave skunk cabbage is raising its head out of the icy marshes—first green harbinger of spring.



Ef You
Don't
Watch
Out!



THE timid Freshman here has come from home and friends away,
An' he's goin' to enter Normal, for three whole years to stay,
An' study all his lessons hard, an' join the base-ball nine,
An' mind his teachers, every one, an' do his work up fine.
But now and then, he may get tired and want a little fun,
An' he'll stand on the Kishwaukee bridge, and watch the waters run,
Ah Freshie, go to work and don't be loitering about,
For the Faculty'll git you

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

Once there was a Normal boy who liked to have his way,
To loaf about and shirk his work—he did it every day.
This boy was very careless, just because he didn't care,
His shoes were often dirty and neglected was his hair;
He put his fingers on the glass when told that this was wrong,
An' left his foot-prints in the hall—an' these were very long,
But if you follow in his steps, you'd better look about,
For the Janitor'll git you

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' one time a Junior girl 'ud allus laugh and smile,
 An' be so very noisy an' many hours beguile,
 An' one day in the library when many folks were there,
 She whispered and she whispered an' she said she didn't care;
 An' then she dared to talk aloud, an' turned to go away,
 But then she didn't go, though she hadn't planned to stay,
 That you can learn a lesson here, I haven't any doubt,
 For the Librarian'll git you

Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out !

O, you may think it's pleasant, when the spring-time's here,
 And the evenin's so charmin' for the moon is shinin' clear;
 When the stillness is unbroken in the calm and still twilight,
 And you hear the peaceful voice of another Normalite;
 To be sittin' on the porch an' pausin' there so long,
 A-hummin' or a-singin' the old familiar song,
 But ere 'tis late you'd better be observin' things about,
 For the "suspectress'll" git you

Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out !

The Thirsty Griffin



WHY were such grewsome figures as griffins placed upon the Normal building? Much I wondered over this until, looking through some old books in the tower-room, I came across a queer looking one with pages yellow with age and containing a strange picture of a griffin holding three feathers. Would this book explain a mystery? Alas! It was in German with the old lettering at that. However, with much labor, I managed to translate enough to get from it the following legend. Much of the beauty and weirdness of the old tale is lost by my poor translation.

Long ago, when Odin ruled over the world and Thor hurled his hammer at the enemies of the gods, a race of Griffins lived just at the edge of the country lighted by the rays of light beaming from the bright brow of Balder in Valhalla. These Griffins had a thirst, but unlike the heroes of Valhalla, their thirst was for knowledge. They showed this in their mysterious eyes, so deep set that they seemed like caverns of mystery. Their half-human chins were covered by short bristles tapering to a point, because whenever they were perplexed, they had a habit of stroking their chins. The tips of their ears were always forward as though they were listening for information and their bodies were grotesque to the extreme.

Among them was one young Griffin who was thirstier than the others, and because he was foremost among his fellows he was called Graf. Indeed, he would leave the favorite pastime of young Griffins, that of turning over leaves to see what was on the other side, to be with the older Griffins whom he greatly tormented by his perplexing questions. His special victim was an old Griffin who had been to the very edge of Griffinland and close to the vast forests that are within sight of Valhalla. Here he had wisely turned back for no one had ever penetrated these forests and returned to Griffinland. However, he was fond of telling the younger Griffins what lay beyond the forest as though he had really been there. Now Graf took great delight in things outside of Griffinland and would follow him around hour after hour, asking about the creatures that lived in these forests. After the old Griffin had pompously told him many things, he at last became so exasperated at Graf's merciless questioning, that he snarled, "Go, ask Slafgurd. She will tell you."

Now this was very cruel of the old Griffin for Slafgurd, held the secret of the path through the forest, and once through, no Griffin ever returned. But Graf, young and fearless, joyfully set out for the cave of Slafgurd. Far beyond the edge of Griffinland, he journeyed, through forests filled with strange monsters so terrible in aspect that his knees smote together; yet he went on. He passed between walls of rock so high that the Balder's light only glinted here and there,

leaving most of the place in awful darkness. Once he thought he heard a rush of wings like the wings of eagles, but on looking around, he saw only vanishing mists. Once the claw of a hideous monster reached toward him to draw him down into a black abyss, but he sprang over it and went on with new courage.

Finally he came to a river beside a land of impenetrable darkness. A bridge, suspended by a single thread, led over this river to the darkness beyond. Again he heard the rush of wings and saw the mists fade away. Then he knew he was on the borders of the kingdom of Hel, Queen of the Darkness, daughter of Loki, the arch deceiver. He stopped, appalled, and would have turned back, but just then he thought he saw before him the old Griffin who had sent him on this quest. Graf sprang toward him, but he felt only a gust of wind on his cheek and saw a shadow pass over the bridge and disappear. Now the whole valley seemed to be one great mist, a mist that was ghastly for it was the soul of Hildjir the giant, whom Thor had slain. Graf was so terror stricken that he would have fled, but the giant's soul was so large that it filled the valley, and the other way he dared not go, so he crept behind a rock and waited. As the giant's soul passed over the bridge, he saw that the ghastly face of mist was distorted in a hideous grin; then the mist swept out in a long thin streak toward the west and Graf knew that the giant was pointing the way to Slafgurd's cave. He followed the direction and soon a ray of Balder's light shown upon the cave.

Eagerly approaching the place, he saw an old hag picking drops of dew from a fog that floated by. In the fog Graf thought he saw the wasted souls of men, and in the dew the smiles of new born babes as they looked up into the mother's eyes. The murky fog went on to the kingdom of Hel; but the drops of dew went back to refresh the earth. Now Slafgurd talked with Graf and pointed out the way through the forest and gave him three drops of dew which, she said, would drive away the Spirits of Evil. So Graf gladly set out to find his way through the forest and to reach the Haunt of the Ravens; for Slafgurd had told him that these birds were the favorite birds of Odin, and that when Odin gave his eye for a drink from the fountain of wisdom he gave some of the drink to his ravens. That is why, even to-day, they sit on tree-tops and croak out a dismal warning to men.

Now Graf wanted to take some of this wisdom back to Griffinland. This he would surely have done, had not Loki, who had been lurking about Slafgurd's cave, thrown a weed at him which made him very sleepy. When Graf was asleep,



Loki stole the dew from him, and taking the form of a raven, began to croak over his head. Graf was dreaming of Griffinland and of the days when he used to turn the leaves over to find what was on the other side. But Loki threw a piece of bark down upon his head and Graf awoke and looked stupidly about. Then he saw Loki and thought he was the raven Elfrid, the raven of experience; so he called out, asking Elfrid for some of his wisdom, that he might take it back to Griffinland. Now, Loki hated Elfrid and thought he could work him harm through Graf. Accordingly he led him near to the place where Elfrid was sleeping on the low branch of a tree, and called to Graf, "Pull three feathers from my tail and you shall have what you desire."

There was Loki so close to Elfrid that if he had but flapped his wing, Elfrid must have been knocked off the branch. Just as Graf tried to seize Loki, the false one vanished and Graf pulled three feathers from the tail of Elfrid.

Now he was in a sad plight, for Elfrid flew away to Valhalla and angrily told Odin of the theft. Thor went into a rage and, seizing his hammer, would have killed poor Graf, but Odin commanded that Graf be brought before him. When Graf came into the presence of Odin, he forgot his terror in wonder at the majesty he beheld. The hair and beard of Odin surrounded his face like the clouds floating around the top of a mountain. His one eye gleamed like a thousand stars, and his mouth looked like the smile of the sun on the tops of trees in summer time. When Odin had heard Graf's story, he said, "This is Loki's work," and his one eye gleamed lightnings as he commanded Loki to give up the dew he had stolen.

Now Graf pleased Odin, so Odin permitted him to stand ever after at the entrance to Valhalla, where he learned many things and no longer cared to return to Griffinland. He did not keep the feathers he had pulled from the tail of the raven Elfrid, but he gave them to men, and since that day men have grown strong through the wisdom of experience. Perhaps that is why we have the griffins on our building.

PAUL J. LUCAS.

To the Griffins



OH ye griffins, grim and gloomy,
Sitting on yon turrets bold,
Think ye that ye watch o'er treasures
As ye did in days of old?

Know ye that ye watch o'er learning
Not o'er gems and richest gold,
Stored away in darkest caverns?
That ye guard a wealth untold?

Far more precious,—far more priceless,
Are the treasures 'neath your towers
Than the hoards of gold and jewels,
Ancients trusted to your powers.

Ye are newly consecrated
To Athene, not the sun;
Guard ye then her treasure sacred
As ye did your ancient one.

So oh griffins, grim and gloomy,
Sitting on yon turrets high,
Guard ye well the stores of wisdom,
Guard them well as years go by.

ANNA CATHARYN KRUSE.



Our Campus



In the Springtime

SLOWLY over the silent campus a gray March morning crept out from the east and gusty winds shivered among the bare tree-tops. The campus still slept, but it dreamed of the spring. Through the stillness and chill a clear voice called, "Wake up! Wake up! Wake up!" Straight from the sky it seemed to fall, and then from the highest branch of a tall elm it came again, "Wake up! Wake up!" Morning after morning the same courageous voice called to the sleeping life in seed and root and bud. The little river pushed back its wintry cover and ran on free; the pond unlocked its long-closed doors and frogs began to croak; then a chorus of bird voices answered the call of that first messenger of spring. Beneath the ground the call was heard, and waking life burst from the hearts of buried seeds and sprang up fresh and green from roots of grasses. Throughout the length of trunk and branch a joyous thrill pulsed upward to the waiting buds. It glowed in the yellowing bark of the willow and it feathered the elm with countless brown flowers.

Now is the yearly miracle complete and spring is again on our campus, bright with color and thrilling us with song. The vanes on the towers point the way of her coming, and the griffins that guard them seem to smile in the sun. Gay with dandelions is the level stretch of green, and beyond the little stream, on the gentle wooded slope, the delicate draperies of pale green leaves are not yet woven thick enough to hide the forms that wear them. The oak puts forth her dainty leaves and fringy blossoms and the hickory peels back her pink-lined wrappers from her great green buds and holds them to the sun. That flash of orange tells us that the oriole is here, while on a branch above the scarlet tanager sits like a gorgeous blossom. The grosbeak flits from tree to tree and violets reflect the bluebird's color from the grass. Here buttercups lift up their shining faces to the light; wild oxalis makes the hillside pink, and yarrow waves its slender plumes. Through the shallow waters of the pond, the flags thrust up their swordlike leaves and sandpipers wade or skim above its ripples. In the margin sparrows dash and flutter and the saucy blackbird comes to seek a spot among the growing reeds where she may hide her nest. The thornapple trees are white with a snow of blossoms and noisy bees are humming in the fragrant crab-apple thicket, waiting for the round pink buds to part their dainty petals. Upward from the grass floats the clear song of the meadowlark and over all is the warm bright sunshine.

JESSIE R. MANN.



In October

When we wander about the campus in the golden light of an early autumn sunset, we sometimes forget that anything exists across the little Kishwaukee or beyond the gates—that another world lies outside. We have a strange, dreamy self-consciousness; we are a part of one great existence—Nature. The trees at the south stand in brilliant foliage; deep browns blend with yellows and vie in beauty with the reds and greens. Here and there, apart from the rest, a lonely oak or elm flaunts its colors in solitary splendor. North, east, and west, the rolling prairie stretches away in quiet shades of green and brown. The milk-weeds and the thistles fling open their pods to liberate their fleecy treasures, the beggar ticks and mulleins shake down their brown seeds, crickets chirp and skip across our path, while locusts and butterflies swing upon the grasses. Everything is in drowsy stillness, broken now and then by the thud of a falling acorn or the twitter of a bird. A gentle breeze just stirs the branches and a few dry leaves flutter to the ground to rustle underfoot. All around is seen the old life and the new. The yellow haze of Indian summer rests sleepily upon the landscape and softly blends with the red glow of the sunset about the Normal's massive walls and towers. When we reach the little foot-bridge and look back upon the rich coloring, the great crimson sun slowly sinks from sight and we hear from the distance the birds' last evening carol as the twilight shadows lengthen and deepen.

MARY V. GARRETSON.

On a Frosty Morning

The frost master is a wonderful workman. Softly, silently, invisibly, he works through the night, fashioning the commonplace into the beautiful. With what precision and deftness he forms his exquisite, delicate crystals! In one brief night he has made the sombre campus a land of wonder. Over the ragged furrows of the old earth he has spread a cover of spotless white, and the well-worn foot-path he has hidden beneath a snowy carpet—it seems a desecration to trample under foot what is so pure and fragile. The winding stream, that fretted and foamed in the driving rain, has been lulled to sleep beneath a silvery coverlet that glistens and sparkles in the sunlight. The trees, whose leafless branches yesterday reached out into the wintry sky, like beggars praying for clothing, have been arrayed in robes of royalty. The old lone windmill, grim and melancholy sentry of the campus, is shrouded in misty white. How the sunbeams play upon the shining guard net of the tennis court. Yonder, from a snowy foundation, rises the great gray building—an old-world castle—its battlements and round towers gleaming with light, its windows golden with the glow of the morning sun. No shrub or weed is too poor to have a glory of its own. The little grove in the distance, with its radiance from dreamland, seems the home of light-footed fairies and we listen for a sound of the fairy music. But the law of nature is ceaseless change. Is it because we know this beauty is a fleeting beauty, to soon vanish in the warm glow of the sun, that we rejoice in it with exulting gladness?

FRANK HILL.

To the Seniors



YOU stand at the base of a mountain
As the sun rises over the hill;
Behind you the valley is lying
In the mist of the morning still.

The valley behind you is charming,
And your steps on the grass fall light,
But high honor awaits on the mountain,
Would you linger here if you might ?

Tho steep are the sides of the mountain
And tho mists enshroud the crest,
Yet forever does glory attend
The soul that shall do its best.

Then look to the light on the mountain top,
Think not of the valley or rest;
Until all the mount is below you,
And triumphant you stand on the crest.

ANNA CATHARYN KRUSE.

Alice Again



ALICE lay down under the apple-tree, but only for a moment, for whom should she see in the distance but her old friend the Rabbit. Up she jumped and ran after him as fast as she could. "I must catch him," she said, "for he promised, some day, to take me to another Wonderland."

But no sooner were the words out of her mouth than the Rabbit popped through a door, and poor Alice knew not what to do. "I'll pound on the door," she said, and pound she did, until you would think the inhabitants of Hades could hear her. The Rabbit did, anyway, for he opened the door with great excitement.

"Come on, if you're coming," he said. "You'll be left behind if you don't keep forward here." So Alice hurried in, but was stopped short by the Rabbit's stepping in front of her and shouting out, "Look at the dirt you brought in. Didn't you see the sign to leave your footprints on the sands, not on the floor? You'll catch it in General Ex."

Poor Alice was so frightened that she took out her very best handkerchief to wipe off her shoes. Meantime the Rabbit had scurried off down the hall. Alice called and called and just started to run after him when she was stopped by a queer-looking person with a white jacket, who said he was the Janitor and had come to tell her no loud talking was permitted during school hours. She was indeed frightened, but, not knowing which way to go, mustered up courage enough to ask him, "Would you please be kind enough to tell me which way I ought to go from here?"

"That depends a good deal on where you want to get to," he replied.

But Alice did not know where she wanted to get to, so the Janitor suggested that she see The Faculty, and immediately proceeded to lead her to a large room, where It was assembled. It proved to be nothing less than grave-looking Owls, with great spreading wings, who opened their big, round eyes and bowed to her profoundly, all uttering, in a deep voice, "Another one, another one, is added to our fold." The largest one of all came towards her, asking how long she expected to remain, and what she would like to study. Alice knew not what to say. So the Great Owl asked her what she had studied already, but she was still too frightened to reply. Indeed, she was more frightened than ever, for she saw near her a great confusion of Maps, Themes, Dramas, Percentages and International Date Lines, all dancing together down the hall.

Just at this critical moment, in whisked the Rabbit, carrying a huge bundle of Grades. These he showed to all the Owls, who commented with many Oh's and Ah's on the fifties, sixties and seventies, until Alice thought she would never, in all her life, mention fifty, sixty, or seventy again. But then the Great Owl announced that they would go to General Ex. and bade Alice follow. She thought of what the Rabbit had said to her, "You'll catch it in General Ex.," and began to tremble.

No sooner had she seated herself among others that looked like real people, when the Owls solemnly ascended the platform and began slowly flapping their great wings, the Great Owl chanting, in a sort of monotone, "We will brood over them, and brood over them, and brood over them. We, that are old and wise, will

show them the way they should go. We will tell them to guard their tongues, mind their own business, be reliable. We will tell them to be tidy, take off their rubbers before entering the building, wipe their feet," and with that the Great Owl glared at Alice with his great round eyes, so that her hair rose and took Alice with it, clear out of her seat. But she soon calmed down when the Owls began to seat themselves. Then, one by one, the Owls came forward, each flapping its great wings and saying wise words to the awestruck students.

When the Great Owl had dismissed them, and they were going out of the door, Alice spied the Rabbit, but he seemed less in a hurry this time, so she asked him what she should do next. "Come with me. I will show you some of the landmarks," he said.

They had walked some distance, when there was heard such a volley of direful noises that Alice was afraid to go further, but the Rabbit told her they were nearing the East Society Hall, and that was only the chorus she heard. Upon entering, Alice noticed a large wooden box in one corner. It seemed to be covered with locks. "What is that?" she asked.

"Oh, that is a prize the Ellwoods won from the Gliddens in a contest, and they keep it locked out of sight of the Gliddens."

From here they passed to a room where a girl, with a terrifying look on her face, seemed to be in the act of killing another with a lead pencil, while the presiding Owl looked on with grave amusement.

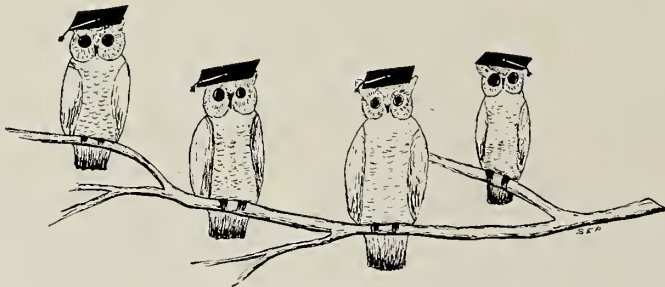
"Oh, will she kill her?" cried Alice in horror.

"She is only imitating Shylock," replied the Rabbit. "Come on."

Passing to the Geography room, Alice saw, what seemed to her, pie crust, rolled out thin, on eight or ten different boards. "Are they making pies?" she asked, and, to tell the truth, she was somewhat disappointed when the Rabbit told her they were only maps of her own country. A blue-eyed Owl hovered over them as though it was afraid some little corner of Florida might be knocked off, or perhaps the Rocky Mountains sent rolling on the floor.

Alice went to many rooms and thought it all very interesting, and wanted still to go further, but a loud bell—as she thought—rang just then. She was about to ask, "Oh, what is that?" when the Rabbit seized her by the arm and wildly rushed with her down the hall, crying, in a shrill treble, "Hurry! hurry! That is the voice of the Great Owl. It is five o'clock, and you must leave." So Alice, in great excitement, ran through the door, falling head over heels on the scrapers outside, forgetting entirely to bid the kind Rabbit good-bye.

ELEANOR TROXELL.





A Sermonette



WOMEN should have pockets. I have come to this conclusion after two years' experience in a Normal School where five-sixths of the students are young women. Do you ask why they should have pockets? Then listen. On Monday we learn that a certain Miss X has lost two dollars—"Left them on the washstand in the cloakroom and in five minutes could not find them." Why were they not in her pocket? She had none. On Tuesday this notice is read: "Lost—A valuable letter; finder please return to Miss Y." She, too, had no pocket, it seems. On Wednesday the president of the institution says: "Found—A purse containing some money and a railroad ticket; loser may get the same by calling at the office," and with a despairing voice he concludes, "Young ladies, why will you not have pockets in your gowns?"

On Thursday you may go to the Lost and Found Drawer in the Library. There are handkerchiefs of all sizes, all patterns, some embroidered, some hem-stitched, some with lace edges, some plain; some clean and some—not. There are pencils, erasers, Grammar notebooks, bows of purple ribbon and perchance one of olive green, and, honestly, even basket-ball tickets. In conclusion, I repeat:

Women should have pockets.

The Biologist's Dream



BETWEEN the night and the morning,
While the eyes of the darkness glower,
Comes a pause in the night's occupation,
That is known as the Dreamer's hour.

I hear, in the silence about me,
The patter of many feet,
And sounds like the rustle of ghost's wings
Come to me in my sleep.

From my bed I see in the dim light,
Crowding the closet door,
The ghosts of the dogs and the kittens
I've dissected by the score.

The ghosts of crabs and of crayfish,
Of turtles and snakes galore,
Of frogs and oysters and microbes,
And dozens on dozens more.

A rush from all the windows,
A sudden raid from the hall;
Thro the walls, the door, and ceiling
They enter, and cover all.

They creep and crawl on the table,
O'er the dresser, and up my chair.
If I try to move, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They hover about me, these ghost-forms;
Their hollow eyes glare into mine.
I must rise in haste and attack them,
To label, and sort, and define.

“ Do you think, O ghosts of the dead ones,
That because you have crowded my room,
And because of my sudden terror,
I shall help no more to their tomb ?

“ I'll have you fast in my clutches,
For I feel not the least alarm,
And the pickling bottles stand ready,
With the fluid that works such charm.

“ For this, warn all of your brothers,
That soon they will share your fate ”—
And then I awoke with a shudder,
'Twas seven, and breakfast was late.

ANNA FOX DUFFEY.

The fairyland of Geometry



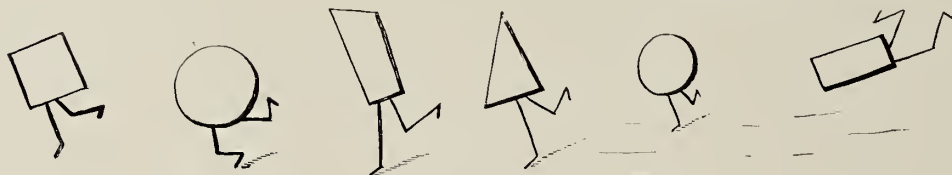
I WAS sitting in my study chair, close by the grate fire, on a recent evening, reading a copy of the "Northern Illinois" for February, 1902, when my eyes were attracted by a new advertisement:

To the Fairyland of Geometry!
Excursions start 1st of each month.
Go by the new Parallel Line. Return
via the Scalene Triangle.
Conducted by S. F. Parson.
Special Rates to Students.
No Themes Required While Absent!!
For further information apply to
Miss Parmelee, care N. I. S. N. S.

What an opportunity! Go I must, and in an incredibly short time I found myself with a party of some ten or twelve others standing on the roof of the main tower of the Normal building. Mr. Parson then gave us all a grand surprise; former parties had traveled in rather prosaic style, but on his last trip he had brought back, as a gift from Euclid (who, after much hard labor, had discovered it in excavating some petrified axioms), Noah's Arc, and now, holding on fast to the chord which was stretched between the ends of the arc, we waved good-bye to the faces in the windows and started off. In spite of the antiquity of the arc, we arrived at our destination in seemingly no time and landed at the extremity of the Theorem of Limits, which at that point was really not quite solid, but we reached the mainland without any mishaps. Referring to our guidebooks, we found that Archimedes would meet us at the Intersection of Loci (which only means where the Little Locus flows into the Big Locus); however, on arriving there, we were told that he had gone off on a tangent and would return by the indefinite line AB after a while. While waiting, being Normal students, our thoughts naturally turned to school work and we asked, "Where do the children go to school?"

The page led us down a diagonal street to a circular plaza, in the center of which rose a pentagonal building with triangular windows; everything was suggestive of the science for which these people lived. Inside, the children were molding clay spheres, pyramids, cubes, cylinders, and the like. Others were taking lessons in water-color, making designs in which they had to arrange triangles, squares, pentagons and hexagons. In the cooking school, the same idea was followed out and we were served with hemispheres of delicious ices, circles of pie, cubes of cake, and pyramids of pressed chicken. The cook's name was Perpendicular Bisector and his wife's name was Diameter, which made me think of the classical lady Demeter. The teacher's name was Median, and once when Median asked a little girl of English descent to construct some concentric circles, her small brother called out, "Secant!" The teacher calmly knocked him off the radius on which he was perched, and into the vertex he dropped with a bang, and I awoke to hear the clock on the mantel chime out one o'clock.

JESSAMINE CRAPSER.



Senior Class Song



DOWN life's sunny slope we're going
As the days go by,
Laughing gayly, only knowing
Skies are clear and hearts beat high.
Alma Mater, soon thy children
Will far distant be;
But their lives will still be happy,
Ever filled with dreams of thee.

CHORUS.

Sweet light of mem'ry
Shine upon our way;
Visions sweet will linger with us
Till the close of life's short day.

When the patient years have crowned thee
With the wreath of fame,
When the dust of time lies 'round thee
Covering deep thy noble name,
May thy colors, floating o'er thee,
Proudly greet the sky;
May thy motto, still before thee,
Lead thee on to service high.

In thy woods the birds are singing
'Mid the fragrant flowers,
And the gentle wind is bringing
Incense sweet from leafy bowers.
With wide meadows 'round thee lying,
Waving in the sun,
We'll remember thee with sighing,
When our little journey's done.

When fond memories are calling
Hearts that long to stay,
And the shades of death are falling
O'er the sun-kissed hills of day,
Swiftly then our thoughts go flying
Through the gath'ring night,
Where the day in glory dying
Bathes thy towers in golden light.

In a dream we'll wander idly
Through thy stately halls,
And the light of truth eternal
Will be resting on thy walls.
But the voices that have praised thee
All will silent be,
For thy children will be dwellers
In the land of memory.



A Reverie



TODAY, in looking through a trunk filled with old relics, a little banner tumbled out from the rubbish. It was crumpled, faded and discolored in places, but it seemed to have once been yellow, and five magic letters still retained enough of their original whiteness to be distinguishable. Away flew the years that had intervened since I was a girl at the N. I. S. N. S. I lived over again that first day of all days when at eight o'clock, amid the din of hammers and tools, school was commenced. Everything connected with that first year stood out before me—the Italian workmen at the mosaic floors, the inconveniencies we enjoyed, the organization of innumerable clubs and societies, the excitement of the first contest, the first football games, the first biological excursion—the newness and strangeness of it all.

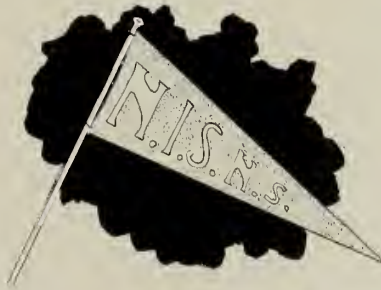
And then in panoramic view various pictures passed before me—the rioting scene at the Hallowe'en Party, happy Juniors on Junior Class Night, a crowd of sleighriders and groups of skaters, merry girls piled in one room enjoying a midnight spread or giving an impromptu minstrel show, tired girls plodding home from school by the light of the moon—lugging half the library with them, the club dining-room with its din of voices and laughter, the familiar winding streets of the "Addition," the wooden bridge over a sluggish river, the plank walks, the race track, the tennis courts, the glorious, brilliant coloring of the grove in autumn, the gray Normal itself outlined against the sunset sky.

But these pictures passed swiftly by, and again I wildly waved this same faded banner as the football boys drove Naperville from the field, or the basketball boys showed Old Normal the game. Again I danced around the blazing windmill to the "E ya nikosokis," and felt the awful suspense of waiting by the footbridge until two o'clock in the morning for news from Kansas, and the wild enthusiasm when it came. Again I marched up and down the streets to the tooting of horns and beating of drums, and shouts of

"William Mofet! William Ray!
William, William Mofet!"

But alas! it was but a discolored banner I was holding. These were but memoirs of three years of school-life at the N. I. S. N. S.

ETHEL PHILLIPS.









Foot Ball



| PLAYERS. | POSITION. | HEIGHT. | WEIGHT. |
|------------------------|--------------|---------|---------|
| H. W. HAUSEN (Captain) | Right Half | 5 : 7 | 175 |
| V. C. KAYS | Full Back | 6 : 0 | 150 |
| P. ARBUCKLE | Left Half | 5 : 11 | 160 |
| J. H. REICHARDT | Left End | 5 : 6 | 135 |
| J. I. FREDERICK | Left Tackle | 6 : 1 | 160 |
| D. MADDEN | Left Guard | 5 : 11 | 175 |
| W. R. MOFET | Centre | 6 : 2 | 175 |
| N. CORNELL | Right Guard | 5 : 10 | 155 |
| E. MALONE | Right Tackle | 5 : 4 | 168 |
| J. C. WILTSE | Right End | 5 : 11 | 166 |
| P. J. LUCAS | Quarter Back | 5 : 6 | 135 |
| S. GIVENS | Substitute | 5 : 9 | 160 |
| E. HIPPLE | Substitute | 5 : 10 | 175 |
| A. QUICK | Substitute | 5 : 10 | 150 |
| J. E. ACKERT | Substitute | 5 : 10 | 150 |
| J. A. KEITH (Coach) | | | |

Games

| | | | | | |
|-----------------|-----|----------------|-----|-----------------------------|----|
| October | 5, | Normal | 21 | Sandwich A. A. | 0 |
| October | 12, | Normal | 21 | Sandwich A. A. | 0 |
| October | 19, | Normal | 10 | Elgin H. S. | 0 |
| October | 26, | Normal | 29 | Plano A. A. | 0 |
| November | 2, | Normal | 10 | Naperville College. | 0 |
| November | 17, | Normal | 17 | Naperville College. | 6 |
| November | 26, | Normal | 0 | Whitewater (Wis.) | 12 |
| Total | | | 108 | Total | 18 |
| Played 7. | | Won 6. | | Lost 1. | |
| Percentage .888 | | | | | |

Base Ball



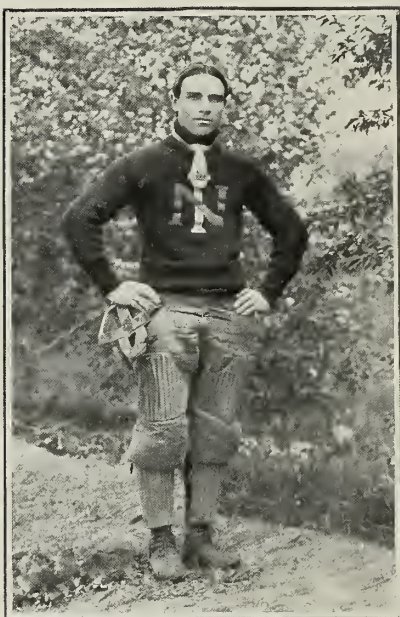
| PLAYERS | POSITION. |
|-----------------------|--------------|
| V. C. KAYS (Captain) | Pitcher |
| H. W. HAUSEN | Catcher |
| E. MALONE | Third Base |
| C. RANDALL | Second Base |
| J. I. FREDERICK | First Base |
| J. C. WILTSE } | Left Field |
| D. SHORTELL } | |
| P. LUCAS } | Centre Field |
| W. RUNNELS } | |
| F. RITZMAN | Right Field |
| F. L. CHARLES (Coach) | |

Games

| | | |
|---------|--------------|-----------------------|
| May 2, | Normal... 8 | De Kalb, H. S..... 13 |
| May 3, | Normal... 19 | West Aurora 5 |
| May 16, | Normal... 5 | Sycamore..... 18 |
| May 24, | Normal... 7 | West Aurora 6 |









BASKET BALL

| PLAYERS. | POSITION. |
|-----------------------|-------------|
| E. PHILLIPS (Captain) | Center |
| O. ZUCK | Left Goal |
| Eda SMITH } | |
| M. McFADDEN | Right Goal |
| E. NILSON | Left Guard |
| W. MALLIN | Right Guard |
| M. McGAY | Substitute |
| M. COOL | Substitute |
| E. LYONS | Substitute |
| A. HEALD | Substitute |
| M. ADAMS | Substitute |
| D. FERRIS | Substitute |
| M. McADAMS | Substitute |
| F. L. CHARLES (Coach) | |

Games

| | | | |
|-------------|----|-------------------|----|
| Normal..... | 1 | Austin H. S..... | 4 |
| Normal..... | 15 | De Kalb H. S..... | 11 |
| Normal..... | 5 | De Kalb H. S..... | 6 |
| Normal..... | 16 | Wheaton..... | 9 |
| Normal..... | 8 | De Kalb H. S..... | 5 |
| Normal..... | 3 | Austin H. S..... | 6 |
| Normal.. | 25 | Wheaton..... | 8 |
| Normal..... | 3 | Oak Park..... | 0 |
| Total | 76 | Total | 49 |

Games played...8
 Games won.....6 Percentage, .625
 Games lost.....2

Boys' Basket Ball



| PLAYERS. | POSITION. |
|----------------|-------------|
| KAYS (Captain) | Left Goal |
| LUCAS | Right Goal |
| MOFET | Center |
| WILTSE | Right Guard |
| FREDERICK | Left Guard |
| HAUSEN | Substitute |
| PUFFER | Substitute |
| KEITH (Coach) | |

Games

| | | | |
|-------------|-----|----------------------|-----|
| Normal..... | 28 | De Kalb H. S..... | 7 |
| Normal..... | 35 | De Kalb H. S..... | 5 |
| Normal..... | 14 | Wheaton..... | 43 |
| Normal..... | 35 | De Kalb H. S..... | 6 |
| Normal..... | 22 | I. S. N. U..... | 18 |
| Normal..... | 34 | Elgin Y. M. C. A.... | 17 |
| Normal..... | 20 | I. S. N. U..... | 24 |
| Normal..... | 49 | Elgin Y. M. C. A.... | 29 |
| Total | 237 | Total..... | 149 |

Games played...8

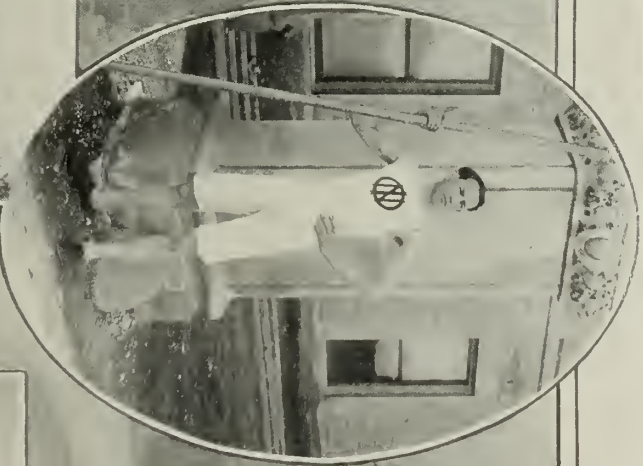
Games won.....6 Percentage, .75

Games lost.....2









Tennis Tournament

FALL OF 1901.



Men's Singles

| PRELIMINARIES. | SEMI-FINALS. | FINALS. |
|---|--|---|
| <div> <div>{ Charles, 6-1; 6-4.</div> <div>{ Hardacre.</div> </div> <div> <div>{ Keeler.</div> <div>{ Parson, 6-1, 6-0.</div> </div> <div> <div>{ Britton, 5-5; Default.</div> <div>{ Lucas.</div> </div> | <div> <div>{ Parson, 3-6; 6-3; 6-1.</div> <div>{ Britton.</div> </div> | <div> <div>{ Charles.</div> <div>{ Parson, 10-8; 1-6; 7-5.</div> </div> |

Ladies' Singles

| | | |
|---|--|---|
| <div> <div>{ Adams, 6-0; 6-0</div> <div>{ Pohl.</div> </div> <div> <div>{ Rice, 6-1; 6-0.</div> <div>{ Farr.</div> </div> | <div> <div>{ Rice—by default</div> <div>{ Zuck.</div> </div> | <div> <div>{ Adams, 6-1; 6-2.</div> <div>{ Rice.</div> </div> |
|---|--|---|

Men's Doubles

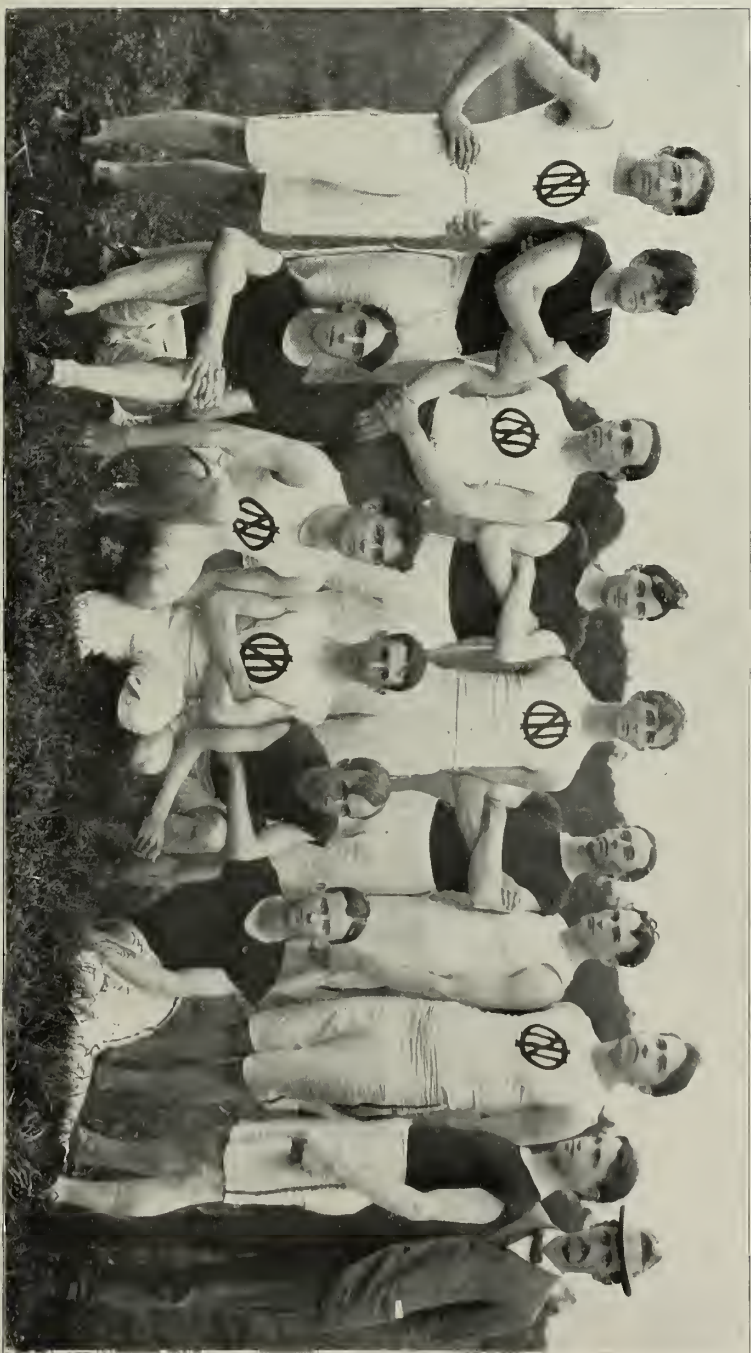
| PRELIMINARIES. | FINALS. |
|--|---|
| <div> <div>{ Kays-Charles, 6-1; 5-6; 6-2.</div> <div>{ Malone-Hardacre.</div> </div> <div> <div>{ Hardacre-Parson.</div> <div>{ Britton-Puffer, 6-4; 6-3.</div> </div> | <div> <div>{ Kays-Charles, 6-1; 1-6; 6-3.</div> <div>{ Britton-Puffer.</div> </div> |

Mixed Doubles

| | |
|---|--|
| <div> <div>{ Charles-Rice.</div> <div>{ Britton-Zuck, 6-5, 3-6, 6-5.</div> </div> <div> <div>{ Parson-Adams.</div> </div> | <div> <div>{ Britton-Zuck.</div> <div>{ Parson-Adams, 6-4, 6-0.</div> </div> |
|---|--|



TENNIS ASSOCIATION



TRACK TEAM



TRACK SQUAD

Track Squad



*J. I. Frederick (Captain)

*V. C. Kays

*P. J. Lucas

*J. C. Wiltse

*J. Reichardt

*H. W. Hausen

*C. Greenough

*W. R. Mofet

H. Puffer

C. Miller

N. Cornell

D. Shortell

W. Runnels

A. Britton

F. Ritzman

L. Wittenmeyer

H. Pepper

N. Govig

C. Wright

J. E. Ackert

J. A. Switzer (Coach)

*Have taken points in a regular meet

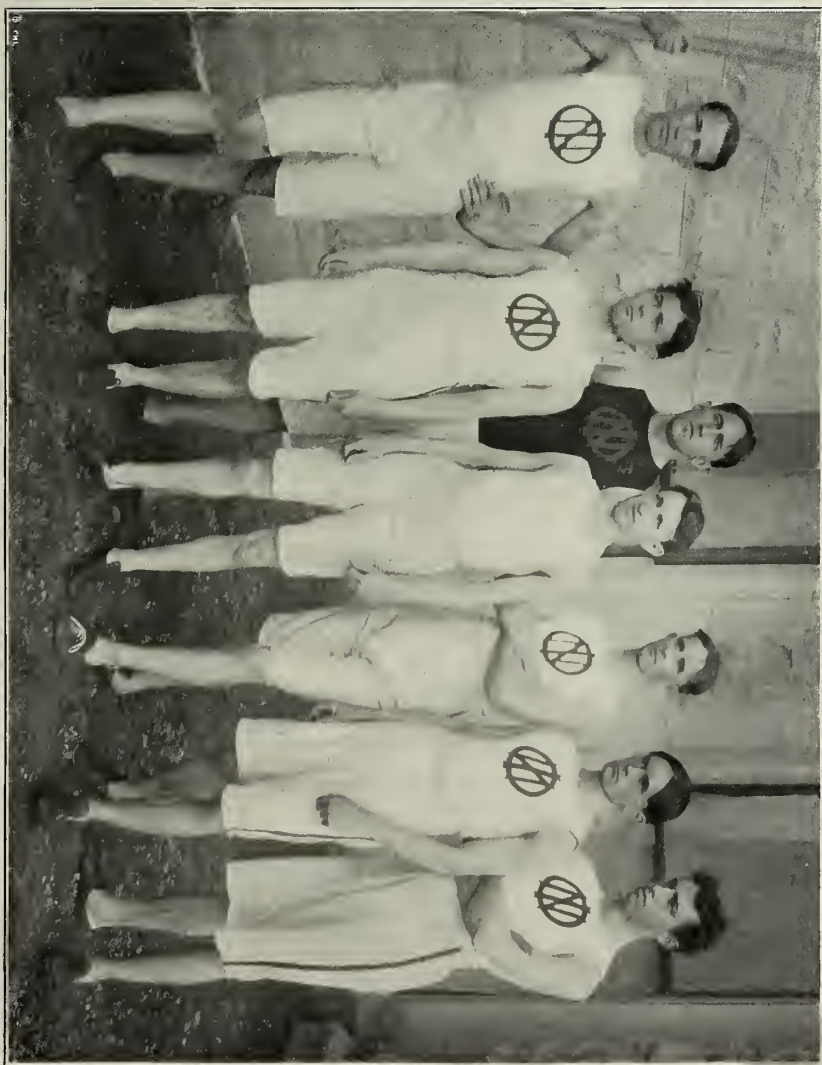
"Emporia Meet."



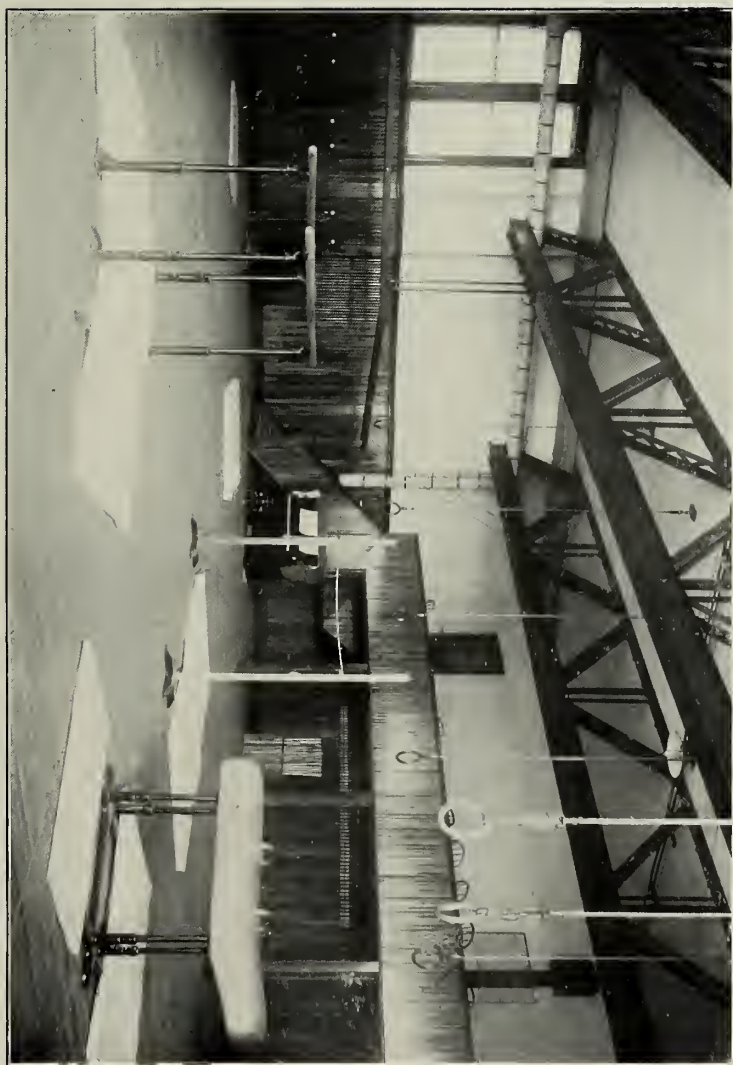
| | FIRST. | SECOND. | THIRD. |
|--------------------|-----------------|------------------------------|-----------------|
| Half Mile Run | Campbell, Ia. | Reichardt, Ill. | Dunkerton, Ia. |
| 100 Yard Dash | Lucas, Ill. | Wiltse, Ill. | Panton, Ia. |
| Pole Vault | Frederick, Ill. | { Kays, Ill. Roberts, Ia. | |
| Running Broad Jump | Jones, Ia. | Middlekauf, Kas. | Frederick, Ill. |
| Shot Put | Kays, Ill. | Mofet, Ill. | Abel, Ia. |
| 120 Yard Hurdles | Carman, Ia. | Leeper, Ia. | Lucas, Ill. |
| 16 Pound Hammer | Drake, Kas. | Davies, Kas. | Jones, Ia. |
| High Jump | Abel, Ia. | Carman, Ia. | Kays, Ill. |
| 220 Yard Dash | Panton, Ia. | Middlekauf, Kas. | Lucas, Ill. |
| 1 Mile Run | Campbell, Ia. | Reichardt, Ill. | Johnson, Mo. |
| 440 Yard Dash | Panton, Ia. | Taylor, Kas. | Jones, Ia. |

Points.

| | |
|---------------|----|
| Iowa..... | 48 |
| Illinois..... | 33 |
| Kansas..... | 17 |
| Missouri..... | 1 |



THE "EMPORIA TEAM"





THE opening sentence of last year's Norther is entirely appropriate, with a slight change, for an introduction to this article. We are at last a three-year old and the third crop is about ready to be harvested. Sixteen the first year, forty-nine the second and fifty-eight the third,—not a bad showing, especially when the quality of the graduates is taken into consideration. And from present indications the public seems to want them. Heretofore we have had no unused remnant. All have found places to exercise their talents. The people seem to be finding out about them and there are indications all through Northern Illinois that boards of education are disposed to set up as a prerequisite of employment a fair degree of professional preparation. This is a hopeful sign and augurs well for the schools.

We have had quite an enrollment of those who were not with us at our regular sessions and we are claiming them as genuine kin-folk. They come to us only in our summer term but they seem to be as loyal as though they were regularly enrolled in the ordinary work of the school year. The Norther of 1901 brought the summer term record down to the time that it was issued, but since it appeared before the beginning of the summer term of that year it could only venture upon some rather general prophecies in respect to the probable attendance. One hundred eighty-five came to the regular summer term and two hundred to the institute which continued through the first week of the summer term. From present indications the number will be materially increased this summer. The institute will be held as heretofore, beginning June 23rd and continuing until the close of that week, and will probably show about the same enrollment. One marked departure, however, is to be noted in regard to the third session of our summer term. Heretofore it has continued for five weeks only, but this year it will be lengthened by an additional week and this will be the probable arrangement: A shortening of our school year is thereby necessitated; hence the fall term which heretofore has been thirteen weeks will be reduced to twelve. We shall begin as usual, however, with the last week of September and shall probably have a two weeks' vacation at the holidays. But of that more anon. As the show people say, for particulars see posters and small bills.

Where is there a better place for a summer term than at DeKalb? We are not on the edge of the frigid zone but we certainly are in the cool July belt. As to our August weather, the less said the better just now; but then, you know, we have all betaken ourselves to the cool places in August. Hence what do we care whether the temperature runs high or low? In a few brief years we shall have a shady avenue extending from Park Avenue to the building. The elms on College Avenue are well on their way already and just as soon as our new driveway is completed a double row of elms will decorate the walk, and then it will be quite indifferent to us whether the weather be warm or otherwise even in July. Of course we are pioneering a little yet so far as mere physical conditions are concerned, but the pioneer stage in the school work seems even now to belong to a remote antiquity.

And so we are full of good cheer. Everything seems happily conditioned and the future appears to be big with promise.

JOHN W. COOK.

A Weather forecast



- I. Mr. C. meets Miss D. upon her second entrance and is "charmed."
- II. Miss D. becomes interested in Biology.
- III. Mr. C. thinks Miss D. has biological talent, and urges its cultivation.
- IV. Miss D. finds herself extremely curious about certain animals.
- V. Mr. C. urges Miss D. to make a "specialty" of Biology.
- VI. Miss D. is excused from drawing and devotes all her spare time to work in the biological laboratory.
- VII. Mr. C. explains, "in confidence," the mechanism of the microscope to Miss D.
- VIII. Miss D. works in the "Lab." until dark, but doesn't feel lonely.
- IX. Mr. C. attends the Dollar Lecture Course and doesn't feel lonely.
- X. Miss D. arranges her hair in a new and bewitching way.
- XI. Mr. C. examines into the merits of various hair tonics.
- XII. Miss D. thinks that "excursions are just too lovely for anything."
- XIII. (a) The Editor has stricken out all subsequent allusions to Mr. C.
(b) The Editor has stricken out all subsequent allusions to Miss D.



Circumstances We Are Certain Of

Prunes occasionally.
That Jim will not be home for Sunday night supper.
Wittenmeyer can sing.
"Which only means."
A lecture on plate-glass decorations.
That Mr. Gilbert has a twinkle in his eye.
That the weather is improving.
That Mofet has a way of getting there.
The students think Miss Simonson, "alright."
A Cook.
That Davy went to Galena.
That the Seniors are hustling for positions.
The Freshies will be riper.
That all students and faculty will be in after eight o'clock.
That Em is not troubled with insomnia.
That Jim is at the parsonage.
That you can hear the human (Heuman).
Miss Huff can work the Doctor.
That the girls love Kays and would love to have Kays love them.
That the Hurt club is musical.
That Minnie and Freddie are very congenial.
That Paul recites in Physical Geography.
We must not smile in Geography Class.
That Miss Foster can jump.
That Alice G. will recite.
That Aunt Rosy had no attraction for the magnetic needle.
That Mr. Keith can make a face.
That Kate B. is still able to talk.
That Blanche H. finally finished her thesis.
Edwin loves Emily.
"Tooty" always has her work done.
That Miss Potter will do the proper thing.
That Edna will cheer for the High School.
That Miss Parmalee is devoted to Miss Hoaglin.
That we all hope Miss Stratford will have an enjoyable summer.
Prunes every once in so often.

WHY do the boys all ask if the Tudor Hall girls are Baptists?

Is there any reason for David's waiting until the last minute before asking a girl to go to an entertainment with him?

Well, you know, my second cousin used to know Mr. Charles' grandfather's youngest granddaughter, so I rather feel acquainted with him, don't you know.

ELSIE DAVIS.

Her mouth recalled the old Elizabethan simile of "roses filled with snow."

IDA VAN EPPS.

"'Tenny rate."

MR. PAGE.

Miss Rice announces to the public she is not very heavy, only 110 pounds.

You should not let your feelings get the better of you in Physics Class, Miss Garrity.

Faithful, gentle, good, wearing the rose of womanhood.

ETTA GRUNEWALD.

So soft.

ELSIE MACK.

(In Physical Geography Class.)

Miss Rice—Miss Pohl, will you please be seated? I want the class to collect themselves, think what you are going to say, be serious. I will wait for you one minute and then we will proceed with the lesson.

A typical minister's daughter.

SARAH JANE.

Our Little Dumpling.

BESSIE LEACH.

United we stand, divided we fall.

EDITH and LIZZIE ROWLEY.

Mr. Hammil—"All very well and good, but just allow me to suggest these books to you."

A shining light on a dark day.

MISS ELLIOT.

"That sweet smile haunts me still."

J. CRAPSER.

She's not so overpowering as she looks.

GRACE BRANDT.

"There was a soft and pensive grace, a cast of thought upon her face."

MARY GARRETSON.

My dear Edna, you missed your calling; you should transfer from the primary to the High School.

"Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike; and, like the sun, they shine on all alike."

MISS SIMONSON.

Miss Mariett—My circumference does not indicate my mental capacity.

"Her steely blue eyes say the icicles there."

JULIA M.

Miss Cunniff—"Well, say, Mr. Kays, you were not so far off when you talked about ribs."

Caroline—"Oh, who will hold my lily-white hand?"

Miss Hugett, what would you answer should a board of education ask you as to your singing capability?

From Lady Macbeth's Sleep-walking Scene we went to the strengthening of the diaphragm—what will come next?

Two heads with but a single thought.

CLAYTON and BENTHUSEN.

I am not without suspicion that I have an undeveloped faculty of music within me.

MARY MCGAY.

Mr. Keith—I fear that people don't know Miss Waterhouse; she has a keen sense of humor—she always appreciates my jokes.

Miss Ada Pr—— —Wish a man would come and see me once for half an hour.

Miss Donahue—I am so afraid they will roast me in the annual. Really, Emma, do you suppose Kate will put that in about the roses and the class pin and the banners?

The embodiment of perpetual motion.

MARGARET FITZPATRICK.

Miss Simonson—Rip was just the sort of character you'd love but wouldn't like to live with.

A Good Man Gone Wrong



WHEN the Fakir by the fakir was
 brought to our town
 To show by means of "Archie" what an
 ignorance profound
 May be dwelling mid the culture which
 the "Normal" doth surround,
 A chance was given to us to open wide our
 eyes
 And contract our deep chin muscles with
 the symptoms of surprise.
 Symptoms of surprise that "Shoopie" in
 his hat kept hid,
 Guinea pigs, a wolf, a "dollie," skull and a
 mid-rib
 All taken from the Normal under cover of
 the night—
 Just to win some passing plaudits by caus-
 ing Archie fright.
 But among the things delivered there ap-
 peared an auburn "switch,"
 "Mrs. Shoopie's" early tresses evidently
 furnished which.
 "Whiskers!" yelled the polished Archie
 as he touched where his should be,
 And they yelled aloud with laughter—all
 save Dr. Shoop and me.



Time elaborately thrown away.

DETAILED PLANS.

"Then she will talk—good gods, how she will talk!"

MISS ISAACSON.

A progeny of learning.

GRACE BAIRD.

A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warm, to comfort and command.

MISS SINCLAIR.

Jack Wiltse—Don't you think my niece resembles me? Don't you think her eyes will be brown?

Perhaps he'll grow.

CHARLES.

Behold how good and how pleasant it is for "sistern" to dwell together in unity.

SHAFFER CLUB GIRLS.

Mr. Porcheur—I was just about to say the same thing.

"We love their gentle warble,
We love their gentle flow,
We love to wind our tongues up,
We love to hear them go."

EM and KATE.

One of Nature's strange blunders.

KISHWAUKEE RIVER.

Still lingering, still waiting, still hoping.

MINNIE POHL.

She is a jewel.

PEARL DUNBAR.

Walks as if she trod on eggs?

MILDRED ADAMS.

"A sound so fine there's nothing lives 'twixt it and silence."

GERTIE B.'S LAUGH.

Miss X.—Did you pass in Arithmetic, last term?

Miss Wilson—Yes, it's easy telling Miss Parmalee is a Congregationalist.

A dear child.

ELSIE DAVIS.

"I."

LOUIS SANFORD.

Old maids, landladies, widows and babies fairly idolize him.

JACK WILTSE.

Fat; fair and forty.

MISS DEARBORN.

A model for a painter.

MARY LILLEY.

The High School Girls' Opinion of the Boys' Gym. Suits—"A thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Oysters in Club Soup—"Few and far between."

Not a blank one—

PROF. PAGE.

Jack Wiltse's nose—beyond repair.

Bashfulness is an ornament to youth.

V. KAYS.

Grinning in the morning,
Giggling at noon,
Laughing all the evening,
Roaring at the moon.

BESS THORNTON.

Miss Grunewald—Get a hicky on you, girls. I want to study Rosy.

A chubby little roly-poly.

ALICE BARDMAS.

Mr. Porcheur attempts to explain the relationship between Cicero and Tully, but his book is not handy enough. Dr. Cook informs him they are one and the same.

The Midget Sports.

MARY MAC AND SARAH W.

Apparently Ethelyn Brainard is at school for her health.

His mamma's pride,
His papa's joy.

FREDDIE KEELER.

"The infinitely little have a pride infinitely great."

ELSIE FARR.

Miss Cunniff's Nature Notes—"Pretty, but wanting in fact."

All millinery done cheap at the Starin Parlors; walking hats a specialty.
Call on Miss Dunbar for recommendations.

"Never deviates into sense."

E. STETZLER.

Dr. Cook—"How many of you remember those handsome white globes down on main street?" (Children raise hands.) "Well, if you look at them now you'll see they're not there."

Arise, arise my lengthy friend, and stretch your spider legs. FIMM.

"Nature made him, then broke the mold."

JOHN ALEXANDER HULL KEITH.

Thy voice is a celestial melody. L. HARDING.

"Had you been silent you might still have passed for a philosopher."

ACKERT.

But still her tongue ran on.

CLARA B. SMITH.

"That one small head should carry all he knew."

KAYS.

Mr. Switzer—"Sunshine."

Ask L—— Wagner about the accessory rod of an engine.

They do say Mr. Murra was called up because he was so distant from his pupils.

Mr. Fredrick (sitting meditatively after a Sunday spent with the other Miss Wilson)—"I am simply projecting my thoughts into the future."

A little too much ginger.

BELLE CONKLIN.

"Without visible means of support."

E. LYONS.

"Every man has his faults."

JOHNNIE REICHARDT.

When Dr. Cook rewrites the Bible, there will be nine beatitudes instead of eight, the ninth being, "Blessed are they who are clean, for they shall enter the plate glass doors."

"I am not in the roll of common men."

BRITTON.

Mr. Runnells, you are doing very well. If you keep on you certainly can keep up the credit of your section of the country.

Fresh as the month of May.

ANDERSON.

Eight O'Clock Scene.—Miss Rice running to meet the mail man.

Dr. Cook—"He who has a feeling of wonder, has a pull."

Mr. Page (in Charlemagne Class)—"Why is Eginhard's Life of Charles interesting?"

Miss Davis—"It is about a man, who is always interesting."

Mrs. Winnie—"I told Mr. Charles everything I had inside of me, and still he wasn't satisfied."

"And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon." MISS DONAHUE.

"His very foot hath music in it as he comes up the stair." MALONE.

"She hath no faults, or none that I can spy." M. SCHWARTZ.

"She wants but little here below; but wants that little long."
M. BAYLEY.

"For if she will, she will—you may depend on it;
And if she won't, she won't—so there's an end on't."
MISS HOAGLIN.

Mrs. Winnie (arguing against foot-ball): "I could offer other attractions for those same boys."

Dr. Cook.—Relate some incident that aroused feeling within you this morning.

Mr. Ackert.—I got two new boarders this morning, and I feel pretty good.
Dr. Cook.—We'll hear from the boarders later.

"A principle is a thing that works."
Elsie Wheaton.—"Then I'm a principle."

Mr. Kays.—I am a Puritanic disciple of Dr. Cook's conventionality.

How about your cousin in Sycamore, Miss Wilson?

"And then the child of future years shall hear what Katy-did."

KATHARINE GRIFFITH.

"Oh, one of the young men who throng my parlor told me."

GRACE BRAINARD.

Why does Dannie like to attend receptions at Dr. Cook's?

Miss Bowler.—"I wonder why this light won't turn on?"

(Giggles, from above.)

Mr. Clark G.—"Oh, never mind."

Miss Bowler.—"Girls, I think this is *terrible*. Where is Mr. G.'s hat?"

"All's well that ends well."

Miss Van Epps.—We all like the name Francis—Frank is nice for short.

The exclamation point and the period.

IDA VAN EPPS AND ANNIE MARIETT.

Banners are fine things to have; everyone is glad you are well supplied, Mr. Kays.

Elsie Wheaton.—"I always fall in love with any one who gets a joke on me."

"Proclaim him good and great."

NESS.

"The pallid student."

NICHOLS.

Miss C.—"I don't believe I have any change here for you now."

Mr. Nichols.—"Never mind, I have two little nickels (Nichols) at home."

"Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyful song."

TREBLE CLEFT.

A lad of mettle, a good boy.

RITZMAN.

Roy has steady work now, Miss Coultas.

We are all left to wonder why Miss McFadden didn't get off at the crossing.

Sadie O'—— has so much Cash that she is quite Flush.

"Smooth as monumental alabaster."

CAROLINE LENEHEN.

"I will never love again."

ABBIE WILSON.

Miss Mariett.—"I would like to have George come down, but I don't know what I'd do with him after he came."

The man that blushes.

DAVID MADDEN.

"Manhood fused with female grace."

KEELER.

"We are charmed by neatness of person; let not thy hair be out of order.
NYMAN.

"I awoke one morning and found myself famous."

MISS KRUSE.

"It is a great plague to be a handsome man."

WILTSE.

Miss Phillips.—"We knew our lesson before, but we're just reviewing it now."

Good, Miss Phillips, we like explanations.

Miss Wheaton.—"I live in the town of 'Saw-No-Man' (Saunemin), and that is the reason I came up here to school."

Miss X.—"Too bad you didn't have a better idea of ratio and proportion before you came."

(Mr. Charles as a budding poet.)

"Twinkle, twinkle little cat,
How I wonder what you're at!"

"So to I take it."

KEITH.

"You little imp!"

DO YOU RECOGNIZE IT?

Over The Telephone

Miss Wheaton.—“Hello! Who is this, please?”

Second Voice.—“Mr. M——. Won't you go for a sleigh ride to-night?”

Miss W.—“Oh, I don't know; it's pretty cold. Is there any one else going?”

Second Voice.—“No—just us; come on.”

Miss W.—“Well, maybe. I'll be ready at seven.”

Elsie, really it is wiser not to make engagements over the telephone, it will save having to sit with so many warm wraps on until 7:30, and then discover it was only a joke.

“Of course, this is all between you and me.”

MR. CHARLES.

Fine laundry done at reasonable prices. Please do your bundles up with extreme care and lower from the bannisters by means of cord. I will be below to receive. Miss McElwain will certify as to the excellence of my work.

HENRY NESS.

Miss McElhaney, to what extent is it best to exchange pictures with the young men?

Miss Robinson.—“Dr. Reilly's buggy is just fine. I rode all around the addition in it. He is all right at entertaining, too.”

Mr. Kays.—“Paulie is all right, only in the spring his thoughts do turn to rambles in the woods and quiet corners on the porches.”

A Critic Teacher's Soliloquy

Dear me, my expenses have been extremely heavy this year. I cannot understand where the money has gone. I must look over my account book.

Let me see. First he had the measles, that cost me \$2; then there was the contest—my, but those roses were high! Four-and-a-half dollars for only a dozen and then he only wore one, but it was extremely becoming. Those banners were lots of work, but I have two in return, and besides I have had the privilege of wearing a class pin of '02 all this time. I wonder if Miss Mitchell has ever guessed that hers is home in the pin tray? Seventy dollars, that is very good for one so young. He will look older, though, when he has a beard. There comes Mary Mac. I must get this account-book put away, or she will torment the life out of me. Oh, my! I hope she doesn't tell all she knows at home.

Jack, there is nothing like getting your hand burned to find sympathy, to be found outside the dictionary.

Well, David, what were those bottles you had on your dresser?

Elsie Wheaton's father was very worried about her during spring vacation because she was so solemn. He thought she must have fallen in love.

Where is Mr. Ferguson's school spirit?

Ans.: "Lost in enthusiasm for the high school."

It isn't always best to change your shirt-waist, Renie, until you are sure you are going.

May 20.—Johnnie, the dandelions have gone to seed in Illinois.

Henry, where did you learn so well to waist time?

Do you like to go for the mail, Etta?

Miss Mariette does not find much difficulty in getting over crossings.

An Echo from the Library: "Please give me Tom Brown at Bugby."

Let me see, Miss Mallin; is it extra postage from here to Kansas?

Miss Sabin (gazing intently at the alphabet put up for the monkeys).— Miss Jandell, can you pronounce that word? I can't make it out.

Mr. Frederick, don't get "Gay."

Look out Britton, one of these days you'll be stolen.

Winnie, has your ring been returned yet?

Miss Foster.—I don't believe the picture of this Madonna has any cupids in it.

Calendar.

SEPT. 6.—Seniors arrive and are warmly received by the weather. Teachers' meeting at South School.

Sept. 7.—A few straggling Seniors come.

Sept. 9.—Practice school opens. Where are some of the teachers?

Sept. 17.—Mr. Madden received his first dancing lesson at Tudor Hall.

Sept. 19.—Memorial services at Normal for Mr. McKinley.

Sept. 21.—Juniors, Freshmen and a few lucky Seniors arrived.

Sept. 23.—The Juniors are jealous. They want to sit at the Senior table at Tudor Hall.

One of the Freshies: "Say, is Mr. Charles married?" "No." "Well, then, who is that black-eyed woman in the laboratory who calls everything ours?"

Sept. 24.—Mr. Madden agrees to chaperone four Tudor Hall girls. They get lost and find themselves in a turnip patch. Who was to blame?

Sept. 25.—Students are seated in Auditorium.

Sept. 27.—Y. W. C. A. reception in museum. Y. M. C. A. reception at Dr. Cook's.

Sept. 28.—Y. W. and Y. M. reception at Normal.

Oct. 3.—The question of the day—"Which are you, Glidden or Ellwood?"

Oct. 4.—Reception at M. E. Church.

Oct. 5.—Football boys went to Sandwich and defeated the team, 21—0. The Faculty need a little recreation after arranging the program. Faculty Picnic.

We are indebted to the public spirited business men of De Kalb for their kindly assistance in the publication of this book.

They have treated us courteously. Kindly look up the following:—

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The following firms from Chicago have advertised with us:—

Educational Publishing Co.
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We wish to thank Mr. Fay, of "The Review,"
for loaning us the cuts for pages 43, 162 and 164.

Oct. 7.—Miss Huff and Dr. Cook favor us with a duet. "Why didn't she come before?" asks some one.

Oct. 12.—Football at De Kalb. Normal, 21; Sandwich, 0. First Ellwood society meeting. Tudor Hall girls gave the football boys a reception after society meeting.

Oct. 13.—Did Mr. Madden care when he was wakened by the call over the phone?

Oct. 16.—Miss Hamm suggests to Mr. Puffer that he should try her to see what a good catch she is.

Oct. 19.—Football boys went to Elgin. Won, 10—0. Ask Kays if the boys had a good supper. First Glidden program. Dr. Hill debates and, of course, doesn't win.

Oct. 24.—Every one of any importance went to Elgin.

Oct. 25.—Mr. Madden took the girls who had to stay here on a picnic.

Oct. 26.—Plano came to play football. Beaten, 29—0.

Oct. 28.—Senior meeting at Mr. Ferguson's.

Nov. 1.—Hallowe'en party at Tudor Hall.

Nov. 2.—Football game. Naperville makes us a visit. We win, 10—0. Hallowe'en party in Normal gym. Misses Broch, Huber, Gagin, Carpenter and Helen Hamm come to attend the party.

Nov. 5.—The Hall Club girls assist Miss Rice in making rules for the club.

Nov. 6.—The girls' Glidden and Ellwood basket-ball game, 2—2.

Nov. 9.—Magazine section gave a reception to Ionia members.

Nov. 14.—Why was Mr. Charles so graceful to-day? He must have had a dancing lesson last night.

Nov. 15.—Liquid air lecture.

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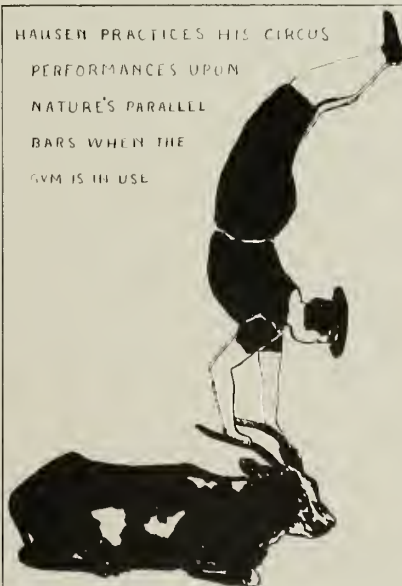
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Nov. 16.—Normal boys go to Naperville to play football. Normal, 17; Naperville, 6.

The critic teachers entertain the student teachers at Dr. McMurry's. It was almost impossible to count the boys there.

Nov. 21.—Mr. Parson entertained the Faculty.

Nov. 22.—First girls' basket-ball game with outside team. Austin girls come. Austin, 4; Normal, 1. Recital given at M. E. Church by Miss Huff and Miss Hoaglin.

Nov. 25.—Hausen and Kays sick with the measles.

Nov. 27.—Thanksgiving vacation. We hope to have something to eat.

Nov. 28.—Thanksgiving football game with Whitewater Normal at De Kalb. Whitewater, 12; Normal, 0. Boys still sick with the measles.

Dec. 2.—First day's work a failure.

Dec. 5.—Miss Lenehen could think of nothing for a drawing lesson, so allowed her children to sit and draw their breath for fifteen minutes.

Dec. 6.—Why did every one fail to-day? You must remember there was a fire on Thirteenth street last night. A sign appeared in one of the windows at Tudor Hall: Wanted—A man to take—a—d to the Football Reception.

Dec. 13.—Mr. and Mrs. Keith entertain the football boys and their lady friends.

Dec. 17.—Exams. Did you cram?

Dec. 19.—Last day of term. Musical program in General Ex. The town people may rest for a week. We are going home.

Dec. 30.—Students return. A few new ones join us. Dr. Cook begins the new term with a lecture on "Talking in the Halls."

Jan. 1.—We gave our Happy New Year greeting as cheerfully as possible, and tried to make believe we were glad we had come back on time.

Jan. 2.—Mr. Keith announces that the basket-ball team is ready to give black eyes. From his looks we might judge that he was speaking from experience.

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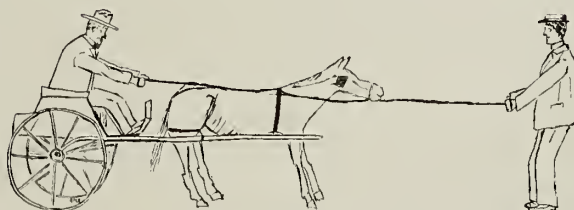
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MADON IN A TUG OF WAR

Jan. 3.—Ionia reception to new students. The music room is decorated for the occasion. Miss Farr, in physics class, talks of germinating electricity.

Jan. 6.—School is saddened by the news of Mr. Taplin's death. Different members of the Faculty tell of his life.

Jan. 9.—Parson tells what the Faculty intend to do to the Seniors in the basket-ball game. "When everything else fails, we have engaged Hatch to set on them. If we can sufficiently Madden them so that every time the ball comes toward them they will Mofet, we shall win the Kays to the situation."

Jan. 10.—Faculty beat the Seniors at basket-ball, 19—9. Mr. Charles took a day off so as to be able to play in the game. Such flowers! The day after the "Reno" show. Mr. Shoop: "I would not have cared if it hadn't been a red one."

Jan. 11.—Girls' second team play Sycamore. Score, 33 to 1 in favor of Normal.

Jan. 13.—Girls play first game with High School. Normal, 15; High School, 11.

Jan. 14.—"Don't you want my name, Mr. Madden?" Mr. Madden: "Perhaps you had better take mine." Dr. Cook made a rubbing of a dollar. For once he had more than thirty-eight cents in his pocket.

Jan. 15.—General teachers' meeting with Mr. Gilbert.

Jan. 17.—Double game basket-ball at Wheaton. Boys defeated, 43—14. Girls win, 16—9.

Jan. 18.—Mr. and Mrs. Page entertain part of the Seniors.

Jan. 19.—Who came to see Edna Reed?

Jan. 21.—Mrs. Winnie, in Charlemagne class: "They had him killed and murdered."

Jan. 22.—Dr. Cook wondered why every one tried to hide a smile when he entered the library.

Jan. 23.—Miss McGay does not take time to walk down stairs.

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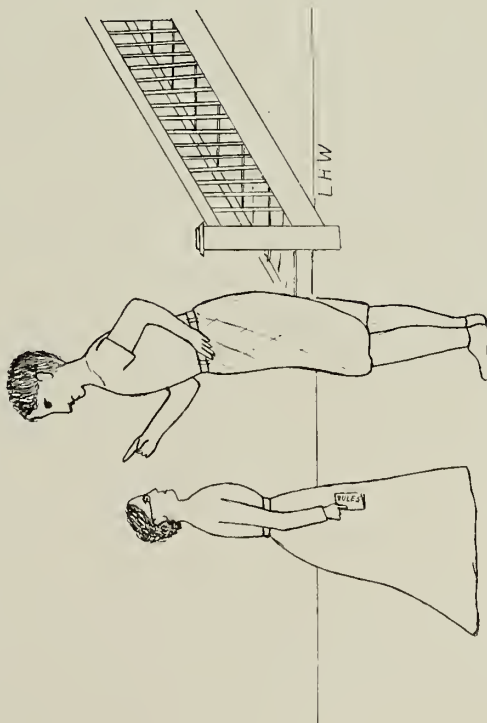
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Kays lays down the laws to the High School Coach.

Jan 24.—Boys defeat the High School at basket-ball, 35—5. Reichardt and Miss Jenkins occupy one seat. Fifty empty ones in the room.

Jan. 25.—Girls play basket-ball in Oak Park and win, 3—0.

Jan. 27.—South school burned.

Jan. 28.—Mr. Kays: "How shall we vote on this question?" Motion made and carried that we vote by acclamation. Mr. Kays: "All in favor of the motion rise."

Jan. 29.—Evidently Mrs. McMurry and Mr. Gilbert have not heard Dr. Cook lecture on "Talking in the Halls." A program was given as a memorial for Mr. McKinley.

Jan. 31.—Double game basket-ball with High School. By some strange mistake, Normal girls lose, 6—5. Boys more than redeem loss by winning, 35—6.

Feb. 1.—Wheaton College girls come for the second game of basket-ball. Score: Wheaton, 8; Normal, 25. Who curled Mofet's hair?

Feb. 3.—Miss Rice talking to children: "How many have seen the picture in my room?" Shortell's hand is the first to go up.

Feb. 4.—South school children begin work at Normal.

Feb. 6.—Preliminary oratorical contest. Mr. Mofet, Mr. Wiltse, Mr. Frederick and Miss Adams were chosen as four best.

Feb. 7.—Third annual contest. Purple and green everywhere. The Ellwoods won. Banquet in gymnasium.

Feb. 10.—Mofet was seen walking to breakfast. Seniors present Mr. Keith with a class pin.

Feb. 11.—Miss Huff begins her talks on Florence.

Feb. 12.—As usual, Miss Pohl waits for Mr. Keeler. Dr. Cook: "How many are sure that they have not put their hands on the plate glass of the doors?" None of the Faculty raise their hands.

Feb. 14.—Girls play last game with High School. Score: Normal, 8; De Kalb, 5. The Ionia girls give a Valentine party at Dr. Cook's for the men of the school and Faculty.

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Feb. 15.—The Mother comes back to play basket-ball with the Infant. She finds it has learned something during the year. Reichardt is heard to call out, as Wiltse's man gets astride his neck: "Tell him to get a gym. horse if he wants a ride." I. S. N. U., 18; N. I. S. N. S., 22.

Feb. 16.—Y. M. C. A. at 9:30 a. m. Was any one there?

Feb. 17.—What boys from the Holderness house went to see Dr. Cook?

Feb. 19.—Donohue and Cunniff tea-party. Kays, Frederick and Wiltse are highly entertained.

Feb. 22.—Elgin Y. M. C. A. play basket-ball in De Kalb. Normal wins, 34—17.

Feb. 26.—Johnnie R. was afraid to sit next to Miss M—ll—n. Why?

Feb. 27.—Day after Ridgeway concert. Mr. Hardacre went to sleep. Was Miss Frame to blame?

March 1.—Our boys play basket-ball at old Normal. I. S. N. U., 24; N. I. S. N. S., 20. Mrs. Baker presents Cyrano de Bergerac.

March 2.—Who paid for Miss Donohue's dinner at the Boston Oyster House? Ask some one what "Two for Kays" means.

March 3.—Mr. Switzer takes the Physics class to see the X-ray. Mr. Switzer seemed to have no brains and Mr. Ness no heart. The heart has not been found yet.

March 4.—Dr. Cook returns after a serious illness.

March 5.—We learn something of the life of Col. Parker.

March 6.—"The announcement of the girls' basket-ball game will be postponed." Mr. Charles.

March 7.—Boys go to Elgin and play basket-ball with Y. M. C. A. team. Normal, 49; Elgin, 27.

March 8.—Boys' second team defeated at Sycamore, 26—13.

March 10.—Wiltse instructs the Juniors on subject of paying dues. Ask Madden who lives at Galena.

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March 11.—We were glad to see priest David come without his cap.

March 12.—Bell Ringers. We wish Dr. Shoop would take lessons.

March 13.—Telephone lecture. As usual, Miss P. and Mr. K walk to school together. Mr. Keith coins another word, nongetatable.

March 14.—Sycamore team plays return game here. They win, 15—13. To keep up enthusiasm, Faculty and Freshmen play between halves. Faculty beaten, 9—8. Miss Sabin gives stereopticon lecture on Greece.

March 15.—Contest to select orator to represent our school. Hurrah for Mofet! Our quartettes appear for the first time.

March 17.—Practice School children are in Auditorium. Dr. Cook fears that Normal students are influenced by the song, "Go Way Back and Sit Down."

March 18.—Exams. begin.

March 20.—Exams. end. A few industrious Seniors stay to work on their theses.

March 31.—About six students arrive.

April 1.—A few more come.

April 2.—Majority have arrived. First State oratorical contest. The Infant against its Mother again. Infant wins! Three cheers for Mofet! War dance around the burning windmill. Sixteen delegates from I. S. N. U.

April 3.—D. Shields can't remember back as far as 1893. Boys begin track work.

April 5.—De Kalb has a new horse trainer. Mr. Madden can give you information. Mr. Mofet shows his bravery at the Hurt Club. Mr. Keeler walked to school alone during the past week.

April 6.—Sunday, Miss Griffith, Miss Richardson and two others go on a biological excursion.

April 8.—Mr. Page: "This book needs a derrick to raise it. Will you raise it, Mr. Madden?"

April 9.—Where is the Study Hall? Hall Club girls think spring is here.

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April 10.—Reception to Hall Club in office from 8 to 8:30 a. m. Freshmen serve?

April 11.—What a sad mistake! Mr. Wiltse tries to make us think all the school is Juniors. Tennis Association plans work for spring term. Night of long-talked-of "Bird Lecture" arrives. The price of admission was so great that some of the boys could afford only one ticket. They seemed quite envious of the boys who were more fortunate. Mr. Hausen knows when spring is here.

April 14.—Miss H—g—tt: "Thirst leads to famine." Where did Henry H. get his "happy family?" Have you had a ride in the red cart at the Hall Club?

April 16.—Miss D.: "English people like doughnuts and coffee for breakfast." "I should think they would die of indyspepsia." Miss Hamm.

April 17.—Senior-Faculty game announced. Faculty colors, black and blue.

April 18.—Faculty against the Seniors. Mr. Nichols made a home run. Rain stopped the game at fifth inning. Seniors were ahead. Reception at Dr. Cook's to Juniors and Freshmen.

April 19.—A bright day. All passers by notice that Mr. Keith rakes the yard, plants grass seed, spades the garden, and meantime keeps a bonfire burning. Many remark about his industry.

April 20.—Sunday. Did Miss Robinson and Dr. Riley enjoy their ride?

April 22.—Miss Mallin and Mr. Mofet occupy their usual place in the library.

April 24.—Mr. Madden recalls the time when he was a young man.

April 28.—Arbor Day celebrated by children.

May 1.—Track meet to decide what boys should go to Emporia. Senior meeting at Mr. Ferguson's. We wonder how Mr. Reichardt was able to go to school the next day. May festival.

May 2.—Festival entertainment in Normal Auditorium.

May 3.—West Aurora baseball team at De Kalb. W. Aurora, 5; Normal, 19.

May 6.—Mr. Mofet, the track team and delegates start for Emporia.

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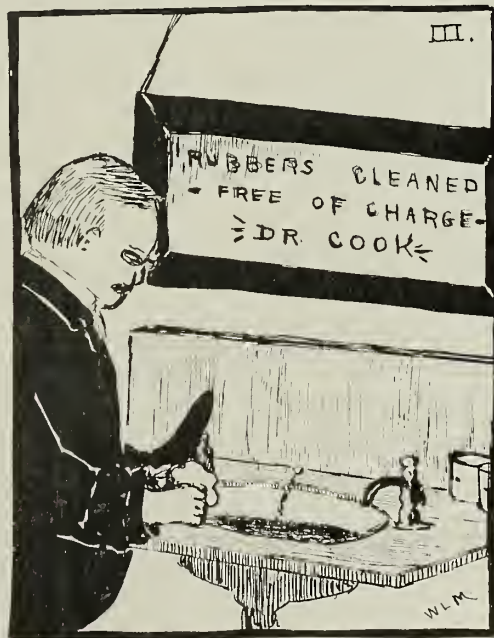
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May 7.—We wonder if Mr. Charles is getting a collection of fans.

May 8.—About one hundred students meet on the bridge to hear results of the contest. News of victory comes about three a. m. No one in the Addition is allowed to sleep.

May 9.—First hour recitation given up for celebration. Yells were given for every one, even the Juniors. Grand parade in the evening. The town people realize that something has happened.

May 10.—We waited anxiously for news from track team. Were very proud of team when news came.

May 11.—Emporia delegation returned.

May 12.—The third hour spent in listening to accounts of the trip to Emporia. John R. should be a farmer. Senior meeting.

May 13.—Seniors show their colors. Juniors are blue over it.

May 16.—Dr. and Mrs. Cook receive high school teachers, Faculty and Seniors. Baseball boys defeated at Sycamore.

May 17.—Senior Sir-Kus in gym. Event of the season. Everybody went.



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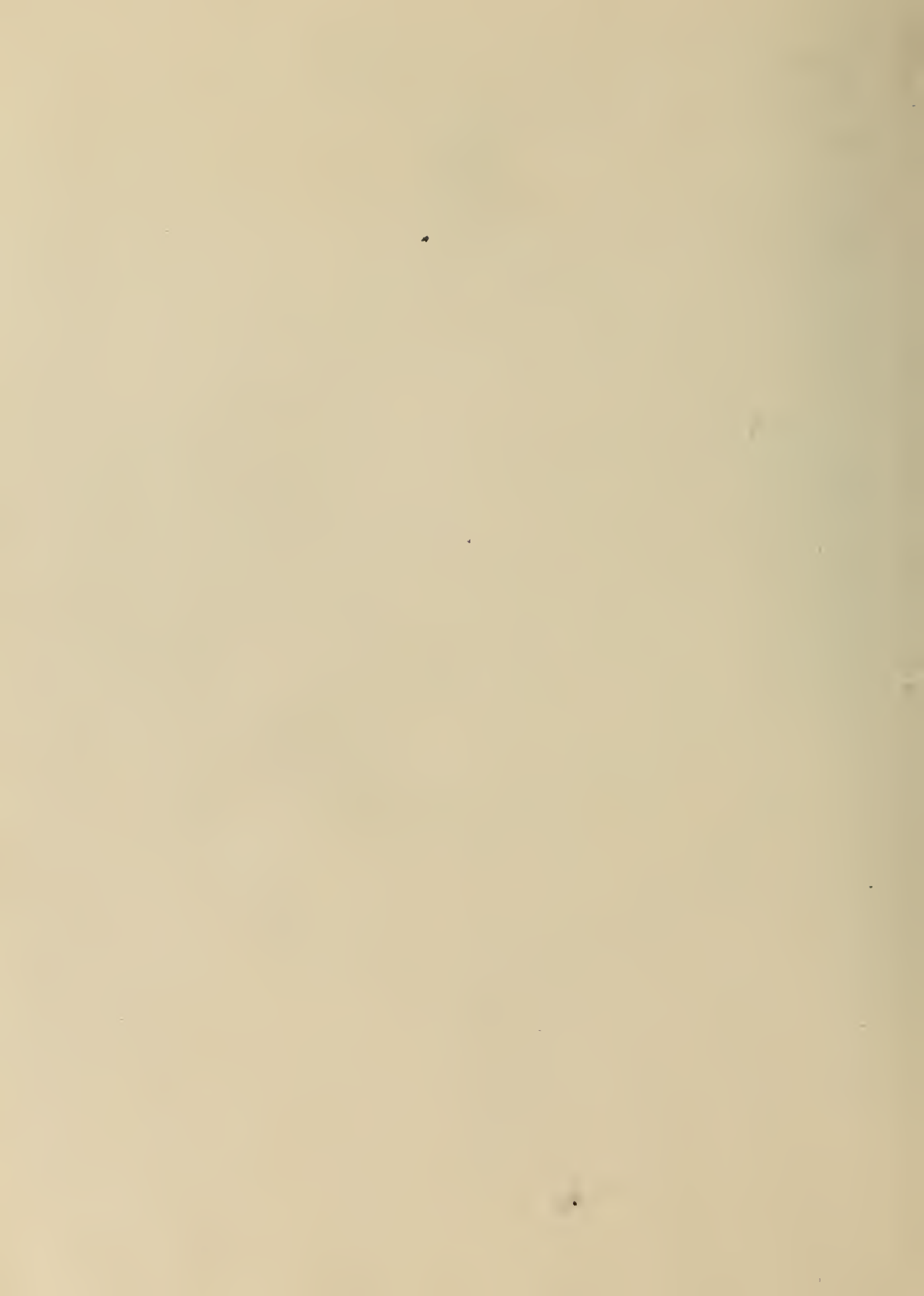
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